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THE
UNKNOWN
SELF

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THE UNKNOWN SELF

A New Psychological Approach to the Problems of Life, with Special Reference to Disease

By
GEORG GRODDECK, M.D.
Author of *The Book of the It*

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INTRODUCTION OF THE AUTHOR TO HIS READERS

Perhaps the best way of making known to his English readers something more than they can realise of his personality from this selection from his lectures and papers, is to give in full an article written in honour of Dr. Groddeck's sixtieth birthday by Dr. Ernst Simmel of Berlin. We are indebted to him and to Dr. Freud for permission to quote this article, which was published in the *Internationale Psycho-analytische Zeitschrift* for December 1926.

On the 13th October, 1926, Georg Groddeck completed his sixtieth year.

It would surely not be unwelcome to him if we sent to him, as members of this society, our fervent congratulations on this auspicious occasion. We know how Groddeck hates anything that savours of official action, even when its only purpose is to do him honour, and if we tried to thank him for the help his work has given to the psycho-analytic movement, he would certainly acknowledge such thanks only with a few

ironic remarks about himself. For in his heart of hearts it is not psycho-analysis which interests him, whether as a movement or as a body of thought, but men, and in particular the man afflicted by disease.

The urge to help such an one first made Groddeck a physician and then led him to psycho-analysis, for he recognised from the first how one-sided was any treatment of organic disease which took no account of the mental life of the sufferer. By applying psycho-analytic knowledge and experience to the organic domain he opened a track between the mental and the physical, on which he has established a new method of treatment, indeed a new art of medicine. The host of prejudices which his work aroused, particularly among the specialists in various diseases, he encountered with the weight of his unique and original personality. Incidentally he cured many "incurables."

Deeply engrossed in his work as he is, Groddeck will certainly be disinclined, even on such a day as this, to indulge in retrospect, and will be far more interested in a survey of the problems which still defy us. For him no more than for us, then, is his sixtieth birthday an occasion for a complacent review of the past, nor is it as yet appropriate to pronounce a literary judgment on his writings. If, nevertheless, we remember him this day, it is rather because of our own need to remind ourselves of what we, of what psycho-

analysis, above all of what the sick, owe to this man.

When we who are members of the International Psycho-analytic Society think of Groddeck, our minds naturally turn to that day at the Hague Congress, when he mounted the platform to announce "I am a wild analyst." In so saying he was right, only we must not give that term its usual meaning as indicating the sort of person who, without any training, without even having grasped anything of the spirit of analysis, yet dares to treat mental disease. Groddeck may be permitted to style himself "wild"—in relation to the movement of which he is a supporter—in the sense that he owes his training to no one but himself. He may also be termed "wild" in virtue of his passionate temperament, which impels him to action where others throw up a case as hopeless or disguise their real helplessness under the cover of "accurate diagnosis." This temperament is the source of that "wildness" which, thanks to his peculiar gifts, has enabled him, a fanatic in the cause of healing, to make Freud's discoveries of service in organic illness. Groddeck's "wildness," however, is also courage, the courage to pursue one end alone, the truth, unadorned, as he sees her embodied in Freud. . . Wild, too, as we know is the hatred with which he attacks those worn-out medical dogmas, which, with professional egotism, made the physician instead of the patient the centre of the medical picture. Towards wildness

such as this we surely need not show a carping spirit, especially when it is associated, as it is in Groddeck with an inborn and highly gifted artistry.

While we others are occupying and *must* occupy ourselves assiduously as analysts in learning what has been and is still being discovered by Freud in psycho-analysis, and have to discuss, explain and teach his theories in our "school," i.e., our societies, whilst we are obliged in our medical world to keep to what we call the right lines, Groddeck may well disregard the whole of this because most of what he is doing for organic cases has never before been attempted by anyone else.

The distinction once made by Georg Simmel, the philosopher, is exquisitely appropriate to Groddeck: "The scientist sees something because he knows it; the artist knows it because he sees it." So we know, or seek to know, what we can acquire by study, but Groddeck sees and knows without having to go this long way round. He himself is always emphasising how remote he feels himself to be from every sort of specialist knowledge, and indeed his books are certainly not "scientific" in the common acceptation of that term. Yet Freud was perfectly right when he declared (in "The Ego and the Id") "Groddeck in vain protests he has nothing to do with pure science." As a matter of fact he is of more importance to science than he himself cares to admit.

For we specialists can no longer afford to dispense with the knowledge which Groddeck passes on to us. "The Book of the It," that series of variations on the one great theme that the whole body, sick or sound, is the instrument of the mind, a book which represents the harvest won from countless observations and devoted services to the sick, is even yet not prized by us as its wealth of therapeutic suggestions deserves. Groddeck has laid down in this and in his other books a great store of intuitive knowledge and it behoves us, as a school, to acquire this knowledge for ourselves so that we may help towards the dawn of that new age in medicine which Groddeck hopes the revolutionary discoveries of psycho-analysis will bring about.

He has won a sure place for himself among great physicians by the boldness of his action. At a time when Freud's theories were being contemptuously boycotted in their own sphere of psychology, Groddeck accorded them full rights in the realm of physiological therapy. But here I run the risk of exciting his wrath, for long habit has led me to repeat the old distinction between the physical and the mental domain, and it has not been allowed to us to put body and mind in opposition since 1916, when he published his first pamphlet on "The Psycho-Analytic Treatment of Organic Disease." To Groddeck, a mental illness is as much the concern of organic medicine as a whitlow, for instance, is a psychogenic affection.

Given his personal attitude towards medical problems and towards life in general, it would seem obvious that Groddeck could not help but be drawn towards psycho-analysis. Even in his early book "Nasamecu—the Sound Man and the Sick" we find statements which are closely related to Freud's findings and judgments. Concerning sickness in general he says "Since I see no possibility of reaching a scientific definition of the word 'ill,' perhaps I may be allowed to offer my own. The sick man is, for me, one whose activities are interfered with by his sickness, and who considers himself to be sick." And on curing the sick he says: "It is not we who work the cure but life itself. Let us acknowledge that, quietly and consciously, for we are the servants of nature, even if we are her masters too." Here Groddeck in his own attitude to the sick, which has always been characterised by the modesty which goes with great ability, is at one with the views we ourselves have been taught by Freud. According to his view there is nothing, absolutely nothing, which is not significant in the sick man; neither his spontaneous behaviour nor his utterances are without importance in the consideration of his entire, i.e., of his sick, personality. That is why in "Nasamecu" Groddeck denounces the absurd solemnity of the specialist, whose special interest leads him to rend asunder the unity of the body, and why he says, pursuing the same idea, "The genuine shoemaker looks on a

man's toes as superfluous appendages, whose existence is only justified by the fact that they can be bent up by the sole and so made useless for walking." "Diagnosis," he says again, "ought to take account of the entire man and of the whole circumstances of his life." But the art of diagnosis will never rise to its full height while it only ministers to the narcissism of the physician. "A doctor who talks to a patient about his diagnosis thereby proves, not that he is a good doctor, but only that he wants to be taken for one." Yet how truly Groddeck values specialist knowledge is shown in an article he wrote in this journal in 1920. "A one-sided investigation," he says there, "is good if from time to time one changes one's starting point."

Whoever, like the writer of this article, has had the good fortune to stay some days in the Marienhöhe and to go for walks with Dr. Groddeck in that beautiful countryside, will recognise and admire through the opportunity he has enjoyed of coming into closer contact with his personality, the consummate artistry of his very life. All his words, written or spoken, whether they be poems or medical opinions, the whole method of his treatment, are alike expressions of an intuitive artist.

I only wish that a great many analysts could spend such days with Groddeck. They would come back to their own laborious work for the sick, enriched in courage, self-confidence and willingness to undertake responsibilities, and more still

they would win to a greater freedom and independence of soul in facing the tremendous difficulties of their calling. "For," as he once said, "the free are those who have faith in themselves, since they do not burke responsibility"—and this description is applicable to no one more than to Groddeck himself. It is, of course, precisely such movements as our own, the cause of psycho-analysis, which need men of his type in the perpetual fight against a world of prejudices.

And so when we psycho-analysts hail him today it must be with that same greeting with which he once dedicated his book "Nasamecu" to Schweninger: "To the Physician and to the Man," for Groddeck gives an example in himself of what he demands from others—a special mode of employing his humanity in medicine.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

The art of medicine aims at curing sick persons and in pursuit of this aim makes what use it may of medical science, a body (more or less systematised) of facts, theories and hypotheses relating to disease, but concerned not at all with the fate of individual sufferers, except as evidence or new material for consideration. The doctor in charge of a sick man, whether in the capacity of physician or surgeon, is at the least a craftsman, following out rules he has been taught, in a form more or less modified by experience ; sometimes he is an artist, a master of technique, able to make full use of existing methods or to evolve new ones where these fail : more rarely still he is both artist and thinker, able to interpret his conception of the nature of disease, and to communicate the principles on which he acts. The scientists of medicine are workers in laboratories and schools, the physiologist, anatomist, pathologist, physicist, etc., all investigating particular aspects or phenomena of disease, or the structure and function of particular organs, tissues, secretions or parasites. They aim at the advancement or exposition of knowledge within their own spheres of interest,

and any observations offered by the artists are to them merely means to this end. The work of artist and scientist is complementary, not opposed. Neither can rise to his full height without reference to philosophy, for this alone can give direction to his work and a clear conception of his purpose.

So far, so good. All sounds for the best in the best of all possible professions, and yet ungrateful groans are heard without, even at times within, the sacred enclosure. Ends and means seem to be hopelessly confused. Scientists are dictating to artists; specialists of every brand are flourishing at the expense of that friend of man, the "family doctor": analysis and ever more refined analysis replaces synthesis; disease is more and more meticulously classified and diagnosed without reference to the make-up of the patient; and, worst of all, there seem to be no persons or groups of persons able to examine and evaluate the data brought forward by the scientists and the artists. The result of all this is that a particular case of arthritis may be confidently ascribed, by different authorities, to defective endocrine secretion, septic teeth or tonsils, intestinal stasis or emotional conflict, and if he is able and willing to undergo treatment the patient may be alternatively or successively subjected to the extraction of his teeth, the enucleation of his tonsils, to the evacuation of his digestive tract, to manifold injections or even to "deep analysis" of

his unconscious mind. After which he may or may not feel better. If he does not, he may seek help from some person not medically qualified, whereat will be much wailing in Jerusalem over the victimisation of the too credulous public and the depravity of the merchants of Samaria.

Worse still, the patient may fall into the hands of an eccentric physician who refuses to look upon diseases as personalities, or upon men as mere fields of action for germs or toxins or emotions, and may even go so far as to maintain that there is some force peculiar to this man which is using the germs or toxins or emotions to produce a condition recognised by observers as arthritis, and is doing this because in some mysterious fashion it is aiming at a restoration of balance between him and that world of his which is commonly referred to as his environment. The effort may be misguided and doomed to failure, but that does not prevent this crazy doctor from seeking to relieve his patient by attempting to restore his equilibrium in the hope of relieving the organism from the supposed necessity of producing disease. The whole business smells vilely of metaphysic : let the heretic burn !

Epigrams are occasionally true, however, and the heresies of one age may survive to be the dogmas of the next, or for that matter, if men no longer hold the past in reverence, they may themselves be revivals of ancient doctrine. In the long and glorious history of medicine one reads

again and again of the controversies and the constant shifting of the balance of power between the artist and the scientist, under whatever names their schools of thought were known—whether vitalists and atomists, nominalists and realists, empiricists and dogmatists, or what not. To the first, harmonious balance is all-important, the right mixture or temperament or crasis of the forces of the organism : to the second, correctness of form and composition, accordance with a recognised norm or standard. The first lay stress on the behaviour of the organism as a whole, the second on the right structure and functioning of its parts. Under influence of the first, most reverence is paid to physicians, under the second the surgeons mount high in the social scale. The predominance of the one school or the other, the historians point out, is not an isolated, purely medical phenomenon, but varies, like literature, the arts, and the sciences, with the prevailing type of social organisation. When individuality counts in the general scheme of living the artist comes to his own, but when men are organised in huge aggregations, involving a vast machinery of administration, the systematisers and scientists are given pride of place. Such a change-over was seen when the city states of ancient Greece disintegrated, to be finally replaced by the wide empire of Rome. "The sense of unity, individual and social, was lost and intellectual effort became concentrated upon the perfection of detail. It was the age of

atomistic philosophers and of anatomical medicine: therein it much resembles our own time in which Western civilization becomes subordinated to the clashing interests of a few great powers centred in metropolitan and megalopolitan cities such as Berlin, Moscow and Rome, London and New York. Under such conditions specialization always flourishes: in medicine the doctors always consider everything but their own patients."

Our own age has been dominated not only by the social conditions set up by the rapid industrialization of Europe in the nineteenth century, but also by the mental conditions imposed by the equally rapid development of science made possible by the invention and elaboration of microscopes of high power. The marvels of science so awed men that they reverently accepted its "laws" as expressions of eternal truth, indeed, as the only certain form of truth. The new world thrown open to scientific explorers intoxicated their minds and distracted them from attention to the bases of science, so that one by one the sciences divorced themselves from philosophy and repudiated all her claims. The world's sum of knowledge has been multiplied a thousandfold; what of its wisdom? The true artist cannot choose but go his own way, however, even though the scales be weighted against him, provided only that his vitality is not exhausted by continuous obstruction or overwhelming opposition. At present the artist-physician works under a cloud;

his challenge to current medical doctrine meets with neglect, if not abuse, and any bold departure from orthodox medical procedure in treatment exposes him to condemnation as a quack or charlatan, whatever his medical qualifications may be.

Nevertheless a change is in the air, and the signs are multiplying that we are nearing the end of an epoch. Physical science has transformed itself under our eyes and now rests openly upon a metaphysical foundation. Biology by rigorous experiment has demonstrated that structure is the handmaid of function, that the end is more important than the means, and that the organism works as a whole, and not merely with one part or another. "Nothing is more certain to-day than the fact that in the realm of living things, the whole is something different from, and more than, the sum of its parts." Medicine, too, is beginning once again to examine its fundamental principles. Medical histories are increasingly appearing and these express the need for some new formulation of medical philosophy which shall be appropriate to the present state of medical knowledge and a stimulus and guide to further research. Even the somewhat dubious and tardy acknowledgment by the medical world as a whole of the genius of Freud, and of the valuable possibilities of the new weapon his work has added to its armoury, may be taken as a hopeful sign of the reaction against sheer materialism. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that his adherents have done much to estab-

lish their connections with medical philosophy or even with contemporary or past work in the general field of psychology. On the contrary, his English followers officially repudiate the 'psycho-analysis' of others whose theory and technique have developed on lines divergent from their own. Their philosophy is determinist in character, laying emphasis on life's mechanisms and ignoring the mystery inherent in its every form and manifestation. Their technique appears to aim at the destruction of human values, and for this reason their artistry in dealing with their fellow-men is suspect, and though their work has been one of the more important factors in diminishing the power of sex-taboos, it has done little towards substituting any better safeguard of moral obligation.

There are, however, other schools of psychological analysis. At least three medical writers of the front rank, Jung of Zurich, Adler of Vienna, and Groddeck of Baden Baden, have developed theories of human nature which are vitalist in character, and which, while recognising the mechanisms of mind, lay stress on the creative power of life and the idea of man as a whole, in relation not only to his infantile but also to his adult problems and needs. Of the work these three have produced, Groddeck's theory of the Es (the It) stands most obviously in the direct line of descent from the Hippocratic conception of the "Physis," and the fact that his main interest

is in treating patients with "organic" disease makes it easier than in the case of mental specialists like Jung and Adler to establish a comparison between his theory and methods of treatment and those of the first great European physician, "the Father of Medicine."

Greek medicine, as every schoolboy knows, was cradled in philosophy, a study embracing the whole body of systematised knowledge and speculation which we now differentiate as metaphysic and the various sciences. Pythagoras (sixth century B.C.) and other early philosophers are said to have given medical treatment to their relatives and pupils, and to have rendered general aid in times of epidemic disease. "But of greater importance to medical history was the influence their views of nature had upon medical theories and their early attempts at anatomy. These were chiefly concerned, as might be expected, with the departments in which body and mind seemed to be in closest contact, with organs of special sense and the processes of generation, birth and death." It was Hippocrates—the name may have been a collective one, like Homer, but the balance of opinion favours the view that there was an individual Hippocrates in the fifth century B.C.—who first separated medical discipline from philosophy, but this separation did not amount to a divorce, still less to ignorant repudiation. In the Hippocratic writings themselves we find the saying "A physician who is also a philosopher

is as a god," and five or six centuries later Galen was warning the physicians of *his* day against the dangers of uninformed philosophical speculation, advising them to study logic so that they might be able to discriminate between the arguments of conflicting schools. "No wonder," he wrote, "that a great many people who practise both medicine and philosophy make a success of neither. Either they have not a good heredity, or they have not been properly educated, or they have not continued to discipline themselves. . . But if I had not devoted the whole of my life to cultivating both the medical and the philosophical points of view, I should have done nothing much."

Hippocrates is to be numbered among the artists of medicine. He taught his pupils to respect the sick whom they attended as well as the dignity of their own art. "Where the love of the art is, there is the love of man." "The physician must have two special objects in view with regard to disease, namely, to do good, or at any rate to do no harm. . . . The physician is the servant of nature, and the patient must combat the disease as well as the physician." He laid it down as a principle that careful note should be taken of all that happened to the sick man or was done by him during his illness, and his own detailed case-histories inspired Sydenham, "the English Hippocrates," two thousand years later to revive the practice, long since forgotten, of keeping clinical records. The whole of his work is based on his patient and careful

observation of life, and it is enshrined in a literary form which can give delight even in translation. "Life is short, the art long, occasion sudden, experience fallible and judgment difficult." He had the humility of a great physician confronted with the mysteries of life and death, knowing no certain regimen nor panacea, and recognising that there is a limit, however far he may push his researches, to man's understanding of the universe of which he forms a part. Even when all goes well the whole credit of the cure cannot be given to the excellence of the treatment, for "Nature is the physician of diseases" and "the physician must not only show himself prepared to do what is needed; he must make the patient, the attendants and the surrounding circumstances co-operate with him." By "Nature" Hippocrates seems to have meant the vital forces of the organism, the physis, which preside over all that takes place both in sickness and in health. "It is important to realize that Hippocrates saw no hard and fast line between the pathological and the normal. Health existed when the humours present in the body were in proper proportion to each other, and when the elements of the environment were so balanced as to accord with the corresponding humours within the body. These elements included not only the meteorological conditions associated with particular types of climate and seasons, but also diet and general regimen. The only essential difference between health and disease was that in the latter

the organism had more difficulty (dis-ease) in mastering its environment."

He asserts the importance of considering the individual constitution of each patient as well as the greater or lesser resistance of his organs, "for I certainly hold it necessary for every physician, if he is in any way to fulfil his duty, to take great trouble in finding out what are a man's relations to food and drink and to his various occupations, and how each person is affected by each." All this is done with a view to helping the prognosis which he thinks of far greater importance, from all points of view, than diagnosis. In addition to physical indications of the patient's condition he notes particular mental states, his power of memory and his dreams. In most cases he believes that the physis is quite competent to deal with its own difficulties, the *vis medicatrix naturae* will eventually triumph over the forces making for disturbance, and often it is best left to do this without external aid except, perhaps, for the provision of suitable surroundings, food and conditions of life. In a minority of cases, however, it is necessary for the physician to prescribe special treatment, and then he has resort to dietary, bodily activities (such as walking, sawing wood, and singing), baths, and where it is necessary to regulate the humours more directly, to drugs or blood-letting. First and last, Hippocrates was a great physician, whom even the iconoclast Paracelsus was able to revere, and who to this day

stands for what is noblest and most to be admired in the world of medicine.

To no one more than to Groddeck himself would it seem unwarrantable and absurd to compare him with that great figure of antiquity, and yet when one makes allowance for the magnifying influence of the centuries that have elapsed and for the legendary mists that gather round the outstanding characters of a remote and glorious age, one can hardly avoid drawing the parallel. Like Hippocrates, Groddeck is an artist in medicine and also in letters, and, despite the flashes of his Rabelaisian wit, he too, is reverent and humble before the awful and mysterious issues of life. "The physician's chief danger is Hybris. . . It is only he who keeps always in mind the insufficiency of his knowledge who is truly a man of science. The scientific physician reminds himself: 'This and this you see, and you draw such and such conclusions therefrom. Perhaps those conclusions and the actions you base on them are right, but more probably they are wrong. All your thoughts are subjective, determined by a force outside your control, a force which you do not understand but which understands you and takes a delight in mocking your vanity.'" Like Hippocrates he postulates an unknown and for ever unknowable force in man, the It, which is the ruler of his destiny. "The It is not to be confused with the unconscious; it includes both conscious and unconscious, and holds absolute

sway over the activities of the brain which it has built up. There is no opposition between the ego and the It; rather is the ego a function of the It." He, too, continually insists upon the healing power of the organism, which can often bring about a cure without aid from any physician. Where treatment is required he may prescribe a dietary, baths, bodily exercises (and, in particular, massage) but he adds to these the new method of psychological analysis. He attaches little weight to diagnosis in most cases, but where it is important as a factor in treatment, he thinks it can only safely be made when consideration has been given to the patient's unconscious as well as to his conscious processes.

The whole of his treatment is directed to one end, namely, to awaken the patient's will-to-health. "For the purpose of cure the essential factor is not the person who gives the treatment, nor the particular measures he prescribes, nor even the way in which his prescriptions are carried out, but the patient himself." And not his conscious will, since that counts for nothing in the process of recovery, but the power which governs the whole course of his growth and decline, the It. This power, Groddeck believes, may best be influenced by psycho-analysis, because, although no man will ever fully comprehend its nature, the physician may yet discover something of its purpose and mode of action by careful and unremitting watchfulness for every sign of resistance

against recovery, against the world, against himself. "Just so may celestial bodies, while they are invisible, in some measure be recognised by their influence upon the paths of those that can be descried." Since resistance is for the most part unconscious, it can best be dealt with by investigating the unconscious mind.

Groddeck never loses an opportunity of declaring the greatness of Freud's contribution to human knowledge. "In a short time the world will be so deeply impressed by this that even Freud's bitterest opponent will no longer dare to utter his name without a feeling of reverence. . . The revolution of thought which Freud has brought about is the most important event for many centuries. . . For our age it is as important to understand the teaching of psycho-analysis as it is to be able to read and write." Such passages can be cited from any of Groddeck's later works: Freud is for him the greatest thinker of our time. Nevertheless he had arrived at a theory of the unconscious before ever he had read anything of Freud's discoveries, and this he did from conclusions based on his own clinical experience with patients mostly suffering from organic disease. His sphere of work lies outside that of most other psycho-analysts, and his technique is both individual and elastic. He distrusts the advocates of "deep" analysis, and the wisdom of interpreting analytic material to the patient. "If anybody says a patient must be analysed 'to the end' I

think he does not know what he is talking about; in fact he is talking nonsense. No analysis *can* be carried to the end. . . If illness comes about through repression, so also does recovery; that, too, is inconceivable without fresh repression. The aim of psycho-analytic treatment in medicine is to get rid of the patient's resistances, of his will-to-disease, and for this purpose, the physician must sometimes release the repressed material to be discovered in the unconscious, but repression as such is not necessarily harmful. On the contrary it is an essential function of life, since crowds of stimuli from the outer world are incessantly pouring in upon our senses, and these would annihilate us were it not for our power to repress . . . The physician's interpretation of material brought up in analysis may be a source of danger. At least it does not help me in my work, though possibly other physicians find it a useful power. I know they often give correct interpretations, either because of long practice or, what is more important, because of their own gift of intuition, but equally often their interpretations are incomplete or wrong, and then they strengthen the patient's resistance. Moreover, if we are always giving interpretations we cannot help but acquire that God-Almighty feeling which forces us to attribute infallibility to all our claims, and what is worse, we mislead our patients into attributing to us, for the time being, that very convenient infallibility."

Health and disease, in his view, are both forms of expression used by the It. Disease is not something essentially foreign to the organism, arising only from external conditions, but is brought about by the It with some definite end in view. "Neither health nor disease is ever used alone, that is, no one is altogether ill, there is always some part which is sound even in the most desperate illness, and neither is anyone altogether well; there is something wrong even in the 'perfectly' healthy. In dealing with health and disease the It can put the weights in both scales of the balance at once. It has the divided will to be sick and also to be well, and is in the full sense of the word ambivalent. . . This ambivalence drives the sick man into a dual relation with his physician whom he loves as his best friend and helper, yet hates as a menace to that work of art which is his illness. . . Always and everywhere, sickness shows a yearning for help and protection, a return to childhood. But the child is a despot, and one source of the will-to-disease, as Adler has made clear in his treatment of the neuroses, is the will-to-power. . . The sick man's mode of life rids him of every occasion for remorse, his state relaxes all conventions and makes everything innocent and permissible. All guilt and responsibility can be transferred to other people, and any wrong he may have done is surely expiated by his suffering. Psycho-analysis may well speak of 'the flight into illness. . .' "

The exploration of the unconscious carries us away from Hippocrates, yet in this domain also in spirit and outlook the modern physician may be admitted to his fellowship.

Of the various papers brought together in this volume five, Chapters 1, 2, 3, 11 and 12 are taken from a course of six lectures on "Das Es" delivered in Berlin in 1926 by Dr. Groddeck; Chapter 7 is a paper given before the Psycho-therapeutic Congress of 1928; "The Christmas Eve Sermon" was written for his children in December 1910, while the rest appeared at different times between 1925 and 1928 in his privately-circulated journal, Die Arche. Entire responsibility for the selection, arrangement and naming of these papers rests with the translator, whose aim has been the collection of sufficient and suitable material to explain and illustrate the author's working hypothesis that all manifestations of life, including disease, are purposive, although of course it is not always possible to discern what the purpose may be in any individual case.

It is a matter for regret that the delicacy of the author's style has not survived in this translation, but Groddeck is a poet and no one but a brother of the craft could recreate the charm of the original German and at the same time preserve its subtlety of thought.

M. COLLINS.

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THE UNKNOWN SELF

I

LIFE'S UNKNOWN RULER, THE IT

Life obliges us all to make use of words, and to believe that because we use them we are therefore always aware of the meaning bound up in them. That is not so, however. Let us take the common expression "I have caught a cold." In these words, does anybody ever realise the contradiction implied to the commonly accepted theory of the causation of disease? That it is not the chill from outside that brings about the illness, but that it is I, the person who gets ill, who makes use of this or that nameless cause, in order to make myself ill by its means? We have the same implication in such phrases as "He has broken his leg," "He has got pneumonia," "He has caught such and such an infection"; in all of these there is the idea that the man intentionally makes himself ill, that he seizes any opportunity that offers to harm himself. From this standpoint, the expression "I catch a cold" is comparable to "I cut my throat." On the other

hand, other common expressions seem to convey the opposite meaning, *e.g.*, "This gossip makes me sick," or "The sight of that brought on palpitations"; in these one can see the attempt to make the outside world responsible for our experiences. The distinction can be clearly perceived if one talks with a man over his war experiences: at one moment he will say "I was wounded in the leg on the Marne," and the next, "I got shot in the head in the Somme attack." Two different views of life are there expressed, for it is not only in the case of sickness that such apparently contradictory phrases are used: to-day one may say "I lost the whole of my property in the inflation period," and to-morrow, "The inflation broke me altogether."

This brief discursion shows how curious our speech is, how it says what we are not meaning to say, and how we know just as little of what we say as of what we do. The examples I gave, which I shall later perhaps connect with other points of interest in speaking of disease and its causation, may incite you also to examine other words more closely, and above all the little word "I." We shall all agree that one can do nothing without this word, and that if it were taken out of our vocabulary, all human thought would cease and argument would no longer be possible. Yet behind this word there lies something quite different from what we imagine, and it says something different from what we mean to say.

When anyone uses the word " I "—whether in thought or in speech or in hearing—his connection with other things is thereby broken. " I " proclaims that this individual person is separate from the rest of the world ; it divides the universe into two parts, into " I " and " World," into " I " and " Not-I." So soon as he even *thinks* this word, the individual takes up a separate position, and thereby becomes responsible and guilty ; it expresses his curious and unfounded belief in the power of his will. Every one who considers the matter for a moment knows that there is no such thing as free will among human beings, but also that it is beyond our power not to believe in it. The whole question of free will is a problem badly stated, which ceases to exist so soon as it becomes clear that the belief in free will is one of man's organs by the aid of which he lives, and without which he could not be human, but that freedom of will does not exist in reality, that its existence is just as imaginary as the belief that the individual man stands as a separate and independent being apart from the world.

Is there an " I " ? Every one has the feeling of being " I," but this is no proof of its existence. If this word which contains the idea of separation, of individual existence, is to accord with this implied idea, then there must be limits to the " I," a beginning in space and time. But if we search, we look in vain for either. At what point is the life of a man to begin ? Is birth the begin-

ning of life? But the man lives already in the mother's womb. Is it to be that moment at which we can say there is "possibility of life," that is to say about the seventh month of pregnancy? But it is only a question of time for science to make it possible to place that moment earlier. Is it when the heart begins to beat, or is it the moment of conception? But the man lives before conception, he lived before ever Abraham was, there is no beginning, he is there from the beginning, he is from everlasting to everlasting.

And where are his limits in space? When does the piece of bread we eat become human? When does the air we breathe in belong to the "I"? Is the ray of light already part of the man when it has penetrated the cornea but has not yet reached the retina? Is it part of him only when its impression is perceived by the brain? Where, in which particular section of our auditory organ, does the sound which meets our ear become part of us? Does the word we have uttered, the thought that came to mind, the sensation we felt, still belong to our "I" or did these things cease to be part of us at the moment they happened? And when was this moment? Nowhere can you find a limit, but only an inseparable unity, with not the smallest gap in which to find room for an "I."

But the expression "I" is here, it is used, and it has some sort of meaning and purpose. If the idea it forces upon us, namely, that over against

the " I " stands a separate " not-I," that " I " and the universe are things apart—if this idea is false, then the word must have some other significance than the one usually accepted, and behind the word must lie hidden something which is powerful enough to allow us to think wrongly, without disturbing the course of events thereby. One may well believe that this mysterious power, this something, this " It," has invented the word and the idea of an " I," that it pursues and attains definite ends by this means, that it blinds man, and gives him an Ego-feeling without which he cannot *be* man.

If anyone says, " I am eating a piece of bread," that sounds all right ; if he says, " I am digesting the bread I ate," that too sounds right. But if anyone were to say " I am eating only so much of this piece of bread as I actually require, and not a thousandth part of an ounce more or less," that would be nonsense, since we never more than approximately know how much we really need ; since we are not able to take exactly what we need ; and, lastly, since a certain quantity is lost on the way during chewing and swallowing. Still less are we in a position to decide with our " Ego " what part and how much of the bread we wish to absorb in the circulation of the blood, at what stage and in which parts of our digestive apparatus we wish the transformed bread to pass through the membranes of the alimentary canal, and where or for what purpose it shall be supplied,

whether to the brain, to the musculature, to the eye, or elsewhere. My " Ego " has nothing to do with these matters, and yet they happen inside what I call "myself." If one were to go through the actions, thoughts, feelings, in short, through the whole life of mankind and examine what takes place, it would become clear that not one single process of any kind is directed by the "Ego," that, rather, everything is conditioned by the coherence of the universe, and that if one wished to utter one unquestionable truth about humanity, one would need to know the whole cosmos. Since that is not possible and yet man has to think and speak about humanity, life invented for itself the word " I " and uses it in thought and speech as unconcernedly as though something real were contained in it, whereas the remarkable fact that primitive man, and above all, the young child does not use the expression " I," gives proof that the Ego is something cultural, thought out, not native.

That the need to use " I " in thought and speech enriches life cannot be doubted, but it has a fateful, though not a necessary, result ; it compels us to ascribe merit and guilt to our lives and actions, to feel responsibility. It would be wicked to try to remove this feeling of responsibility from mankind ; the world would stand still if the attempt succeeded. It will never succeed, and that is well. But, however great and mighty this sense of responsibility may be,

however happy and unhappy it may make us, it is an almost insuperable obstacle to an unprejudiced contemplation of human life, and indeed to the possibility of using certain human powers, one might almost say the highest and best powers of mankind since they include what we recognise as love. In other words, the use of the word "I" shuts off essential territories of life. In order to make them accessible, one must at times, but only when necessary and that truly is seldom, put aside the word and the idea of an "I," and try to proceed without it. It would be well if in its place we could put "The Universe" or "Nature," or simplest of all, "God." But that is not possible, since we can only think as men, and it is denied to us to understand the thinking of a fly, or of a stone, or even the greater part of the thinking of other human beings. The best we can do is to imitate what is done by life through the invention of the word "I," and to consider the individual person apart from the universe, only this time with the conscious knowledge that we are thereby intentionally distorting the world-picture, and then to give this individual thing the most indefinite and flexible name possible, a signification which shall make clear from the start that every attempt at a definition must come to grief. For this purpose I have for many years been using the word "It," and, instead of the sentence "I live," I have trained myself to think "I am lived by the 'It'." Yet all the time

I have known that the one is no more true than the other. But this impersonal manner of speaking and thinking and feeling—and that too has had long years of practice—has facilitated a certain method of working and of research. I would lay stress on the fact that the use of the term " the It " is merely a matter of expedience.

The It of a particular man starts, since we must start somewhere, with fertilisation. It embraces all the powers which govern the formation and further development of the individual man. The outstanding fact of this being is that without a brain it fulfils the most difficult functions of life, and indeed, that the brain, and with it the power of thought and later of consciousness, and the Ego itself are created by it. The It is the deepest nature and force of the man. It accomplishes everything that happens with and through and in the man ; it is responsible for his existence, gives him all his organs and functions, helps him out of the mother's body into the light of day, does everything which the man appears to do. In accordance always with its own infallible purpose it creates speech, breathing, sleeping, work and joy and rest and love and grief, always with correct judgment, always purposefully, and always with full success, and finally, when he has lived long enough, it kills him.

With these few words of explanation we can for the time being leave the subject ; in the course of further lectures the opportunity will be

given to consider the It again. For the present I merely want to discuss shortly two further questions, the relationship of the It with the Ego, and the connection which exists or which can be established between the It and psycho-analysis.

Of the Ego I hardly need to speak: it is a mask used by the It to hide itself from the curiosity of mankind. There one sees clearly the great difficulty confronting research in this domain. The It loves the dark, and is curiously like life itself which, as Nietzsche puts it, laughs at the man who takes it seriously and grows serious if a man thinks he can take it lightly. Since examples will turn up of themselves in the course of these lectures, I need not here enlarge on the fact that the It gains a good deal from the fiction of an ego, and that we can sometimes discover what advantage there is in this game of hide-and-seek.

And now what has psycho-analysis to do with the It? That can be told in two or three words: psycho-analysis is for our generation the best way of approaching the It.

And what are we to understand by psycho-analysis? We get that in the word itself: it is the investigation of the psyche, a clearly defined psyche, *i.e.*, those territories of life which Freud has designated as the psyche. Freud understands by this term everything that is in the conscious mind as well as everything that was at one time conscious but, being repressed, has become un-

conscious. Speaking generally, then, psycho-analysis has to do with the conscious and the unconscious.

Since the time Freud made his discoveries a crop of wrong ideas has sprung up about his teaching. That is unfortunate for our age, since these fundamental errors have endlessly delayed the revolution of thought which Freud is bringing about. Nevertheless it has its good side, for the violence of the change—the most important event for many centuries—has been thereby diminished. I would however request my hearers, if in any way they wish to get clear about psycho-analysis, and for our age that is as much a human necessity as reading and writing, to go to the fountain head, *i.e.*, to read Freud's own books. Quite apart from the fact that as works of art these books rank with the best to be found in German literature, you will never come near to the understanding of what he means, by reading or hearing what is written and spoken about Freud by others. In saying this I make no exception even of myself, for what I tell you about Freud is what I have made out of his writings for myself, but does not on that account necessarily even approach what he actually meant. To give you an idea of the way in which his views have already become completely distorted and are daily being misrepresented, I would draw your attention to the fact that people who use the expression "sub-conscious" have never begun to under-

stand Freud, have probably never studied his teaching for one hour. Freud never uses it himself except in the few places where he deprecates this term. For him there exist only the expressions "Conscious" and "Unconscious"; the two together comprehend the territory of the psyche.

Here I must digress a little. The word "unconscious" does not signify the same as the word "It." What is unconscious was at some time or other in the consciousness; the "Unconscious" therefore presumes the existence of the brain. But the It is already there before the brain is formed, the brain is its tool by means of which, for reasons unknown, it enables our thought to traverse certain definite, not too extensive, territories of life, and at the same time takes care that this brain shall deceive us with all sorts of foolishnesses peculiar to men, such for example as this belief in an ego. The It and the Unconscious, I repeat, are two completely different conceptions; the Unconscious is a part of the psyche, the psyche a part of the It. It follows then that the study of psycho-analysis is not the same thing as studying the It. The It is the man himself in all manifestations of life, and as such it is as inaccessible to psycho-analysis as it is to all other methods of investigation; but there are ways of approach which lead one *near* to the It, and the best of these ways, the one which comes closest to its goal, is psycho-analysis. In a little while this will impress itself so clearly

even on Freud's worst enemy, that he will no longer dare to utter his name without a feeling of reverence. Already—and it is only thirty years since Freud published his first communications—already through him the world has changed; within a measurable period of time there will be no sphere of knowledge or of thought which has not been affected by the findings of psycho-analysis. Up till now it is the very field in which Freud made his discoveries, that of medicine, which shows up worst; medicine is thirty years behind the time and, unfortunately, instead of hurrying on a little, it gives more importance to bread-and-butter questions than to the investigation of the foundations of life.

I declared that psycho-analysis was at present the best and shortest road of approach to life. Let me give you an example of what I mean by that. You are all acquainted with the curious fact—so well acquainted that you never trouble to reflect on it—that in an epidemic of scarlet fever it is only some, not all, the children in a family who catch the disease, say three out of a family of five. People have tried to give manifold explanations for this, all of which have one common feature, that they are not explanations at all, but only phrases, words. Thus we are told that one child has a stronger constitution, but that is only another way of expressing the fact that he has not caught the infection. Or he had no predisposition to it, he was immune, or that

chance led the other child to get more germs. All such pronouncements are either demonstrably false, like the last, or else they haven't the slightest meaning whatever; they are mere circumlocutions like that sham verdict so seriously given and yet more seriously accepted: "This pain is neuralgic"—as though there were any pain that was not a nerve-pain! Into this confusion about infection, psycho-analysis has brought order. It turns to the patient himself, to his psyche, to his conscious mind and still more to his unconscious, with the question, "Why have you infected yourself? What was it that drove you to cause some of the germs around you and within you to multiply so that you were able to use them to make yourself ill?" And to these questions, if one uses the method given to us by Freud, one will receive an answer, and apparently a true answer, or at least a useful one, since often, indeed very often, the "It" gives up being ill as soon as it is questioned in a way it can answer. It would seem that illness is often only a means of flight from something not understood, and a defence against what is unbearable. Here we have the explanation why children are particularly liable to infection, since to children life brings the hardest things to bear. In other words, without Freud and psycho-analysis we should not know what we do now, that every illness has a definite meaning for the sufferer, that it is intentional, consciously or unconsciously inten-

tioned, and that it can be treated by discovering this intention, this meaning.

Another example. There are many people—this too you know so well that you never think it worth considering—who in their childhood show marked talent, but in the course of years this is lost, or to use the common expression, it fails to develop. Psycho-analysis has taught us that such a talent is not lost but only repressed, that the It for some reason or other, often discoverable, finds it better to make no use of this talent. If one succeeds—and with the help of psycho-analysis one often can—in convincing the It that no material or spiritual damage will be wrought by its use, then the talent at once reappears, even greater than before ; through its long sleep, it has gained in intensity and power, although it has not been used. There are, for instance, pianists who have never touched the keys for years, but who after psycho-analysis has with insistence and understanding pressed for the causes of their revulsion against playing, have suddenly been able to play better than they did when they earnestly practised four hours every day.

I hope these two examples are sufficiently illuminating to make you eager to look for once with my eyes at the everyday affairs with which I am to deal in my next lecture.

II

THE IT IN EVERYDAY LIFE

It is impossible to give any sort of definition of the It, but our daily life supplies plenty of evidence to make clear what I mean by the term. Daily and hourly in our thinking, our feelings and our actions, do we wrongly estimate things which we are quite aware happen independently of all that is understood by the Ego, but which, because we are human and over-ruled by the It, and cannot live without this error demanded of us by the It, we take as grounds for our opinions about ourselves and others.

When we occupy ourselves in any way either with ourselves or with a fellow-man, we think of the ego as the essential thing. Perhaps, however, for a little time we can set aside the ego and work a little with this unknown It instead. Already after a few short moments we shall find ourselves confronted by almost insuperable difficulties. We know, for instance, that no man's ego has had anything to do with the fact that he possesses a human form, that he is a human being. Yet as soon as we perceive in the distance a being who is walking on two legs, we immediately

assume that this being is an ego, that he can be made responsible for what he is and what he does, and indeed if we did not do this, everything that is human would disappear from the world. Still we know quite certainly that the humanity of this being was never willed by his ego; he is human through an act of will of the All, or, if you go a little further, of the It, the ego has not had the slightest thing to do with it. Yes, one might justifiably go still further and say: "This is not merely a man, but at the same time light and sound and air and plant and animal, and God knows what besides." Instead of thinking this we are driven by the It, whose peculiarity it is to make merry over our intellect, to arrive at still stranger conclusions. We say that this being is a man, and that a woman, and because it is a man or a woman it has to behave as such, and if it does not do so, then its ego is to blame and we can admonish it to change. But the ego has never agreed as to whether any being shall be man or woman, the determination of sex lies outside what the ego can do, if indeed it can do anything; moreover, there never was a human being who was exclusively man or woman, everybody is a mixture of the two, and it has nothing to do with the will of the ego whether the It has given more of the masculine or more of the feminine to his sex-form. But we make our worst mistakes when we take the age of a human being, whether he is child, adult, or old man, as the basis of a judgment

concerning his ego. The ego never decides when a man shall be born nor when he shall die, that is for the It, and the ego has as little to do with the decision whether at a given moment the person is a child, a grown-up, or an old man. The age of a man is continually changing; now he is three years old, the next moment twenty or eighty, and in a little time a child again : every man is and was before Abraham was, man is of no age, or he is of every age at one and the same time. Let no one think these words are frivolous, however strange they seem : whoever has given serious thought to Christianity, knows that it recognises no differences of age, nor of sex, and certainly none between man and man. Since, however, as beings directed by the It we are bound to make these distinctions in our daily life, it follows that all our knowledge of people and, still more, all our knowledge of ourselves amounts to little. Thus we attribute responsibility to a man for a thousand qualities and actions, while we deny such responsibility in the case of a child, although there is not the least ground for supposing that a child has less power of judgment than a grown-up. "Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." It is altogether wrong to make a distinction between child life and adult life whenever we are considering the question of responsibility, not in regard to the law, but in regard to man as man. Because we have given in

to the mother's proud wish to deny all independent responsibility to the child, it has come about that only after two thousand years have Christ's teachings concerning children become the subject of scientific investigation. Freud has been the first to proclaim anew the old truth about the child's nature.

However foolish it may sound, nevertheless this is true: about the ego, man's everyday life reveals nothing; the ego is a mask for the It. But concerning the It a great deal is revealed in our everyday life which one might say in its most trivial details is an uninterrupted revelation, a continuous self-exposure, of the It.

There we see someone who is tall; that is so for no other cause than that the absolute decision of the It brought this being up to his height. All outside factors which worked towards his larger growth could only operate because the organism, the It, permitted them. The It must therefore at some time or other have had some motive for desiring great height. It wanted to be exalted over others, to dominate them. This urge to dominate, is it not one of the essential attributes of man? So closely is human nature bound to the "Will-to-Power," that since Nietzsche found the name for this phenomenon no one has been able to disown this driving force as one of man's essential qualities. It is therefore all the stranger that Adler, a pupil of Freud's who took this Will-to-Power as the basis of his medical

work, should not have progressed beyond his "Individual Psychology," since only a small step forward would have led him to break down the barriers separating psychical and physical, mind and body. Great is the power of inherited words: Adler is glued to the word "I," though it was particularly unnecessary for him, since he took his stand on Nietzsche, and Nietzsche himself discarded the unusable "I" and put in its place the indefinite but elastic term "It." Truly, if Adler were to recognise the inseparable web of all things human in the It, he would immediately again accept Freud's doctrine of the might of Eros, he would be unable to escape the thought that bodily size was in some way or other connected with the desire for greater virility, for extraordinary potency, for more powerful manhood. And that would prove to him that his "Individual Psychology" contains not a trace of independent thought, but is merely the obstinate pursuit of a path parallel to psychoanalysis. Certainly this often leads to success in treatment, but at some time or other it must join the great high-road of Freud's thought, which he left because Freud's way was too clear and sunny.

Great height reveals the wish for speedier recognition. Short stature proves that the natural urge to dominate must at some stage, perhaps even within the mother's womb, have met with obstacles which made it seem wiser to

the It to conceal its desires, to wait for favourable opportunities, when the overpowering greatness of this being, which lies behind his smallness of stature, will come to the surface with all the greater impressiveness. By avoiding growth the It creates for itself a situation such as that of Cinderella, or of the Ugly Duckling, in the fairy tales : a joy in secrecy, in playing hide-and-seek is shown by small stature, a holding-on to childhood so that all life's possibilities are still open, one is not so critically observed, fewer and less pressing claims are made upon one, and one has the advantages of being at the same time child and grown-up.

In rounded contours the It shows its longing to be held attractive, soft and pleasing in intercourse, while the angular form gives the immediate impression of danger ; the man who has a rounded figure betrays his womanly gifts, the angular woman emphasises her masculinity. The fat man tells you, " I am thick-skinned and hard to rouse : I want to keep quiet and not be bothered " ; the thin one says, " Life consumes me, everything wears me down, I respond to everything with my whole being ; I can penetrate into things the knowledge of which is denied to the fat."

I have neither the wish nor the opportunity to go further into all these matters now, but am satisfied if I have awakened your interest in them. Whoever allows himself to be interested will very

quickly discover that the It makes itself known through any phenomenon he cares to choose, and in the simplest things will give some sort of answer, perhaps will tell much, but certainly will never reveal the whole. Only I should like to warn you not to forget in all such play of thought, that in man's being, pleasure and disgust, hate and love, are found together everywhere, and that the influence of Eros can be seen in every expression of life, more clearly in the bodily form and bearing of an individual, in his so-called organic functions, than in his speech or actions. The It in its totality is always truthful and sincere: it is the fault of the observer himself if he lets himself be deceived, he sees only parts and not the whole; he is not infallible, he represses what his It does not allow him to perceive.

All these things are known to the simple of heart, and above all to children. That they nevertheless have not become the subject of scientific investigation is due not to the difficulty of such investigation, but to the It's delight in secrecy. By means of repression it closes the ways which lead most directly into the depths. All man's research has to follow circuitous routes, for human life would lose its content if we did not go the wrong way.

But consider a few more of the It's expressions. Somebody has long arms: "I can stretch far," he says, "my clasp is wide and embrac-

ing." Another has short arms. "I do not want to seize too much. What is near to me I want and I can draw to myself: I only desire what is there." You have people with long legs: they hasten forwards with great strides, or fly in leaps and bounds; something restless, unbalanced, is there expressed. On the other hand, the short-legged man keeps to one place, is tied in some way to his home, bound to his mother's bosom. Long fingers show that they take possession of what does not come to them; short fingers, the common proverb tells us, are signs of an unsuccessful power of resistance against raw passions.

The supple hand tells one story, the weak or the unyielding hand another. That man with a face like a full moon, how harmless and jovial he seems, and this other with the long-drawn lines on his face, he thinks too much. "Let me have men about me that are fat," says Shakespeare's Cæsar. And then there are the deep-set eyes, eyes that behave as though they are withdrawing from the world, perhaps only in order to observe it more critically. Protruding eyes betray curiosity and anxiety lest they shall not see enough, or perhaps show continual disgust. And the squinter draws attention to his nose, the symbol of his strength or of his virility, by looking either towards it or away from it. For the nose is one of the most striking of the human It's organs of expression. Judging from his face man is primarily a nose-animal, he loses something

essentially human when he loses this projection from his face, and such a loss would be worse for him than to have his ears cut off or his eyes taken out. We recognise this great importance of the nose only when we see people with noses eaten into by disease, and there can hardly be any other cause for the universal fear of syphilis than the fact that in comparatively rare cases syphilis attacks the bone of the nose. There must be something special about this part of the face, something so shameful that among Europeans it meets with repression in early childhood, and indeed with uncommonly severe repression. Otherwise one could not imagine why so few people know that with children, as with primitive races, the sense of smell is the chief means of judging whether anything is pleasing or disgusting. Otherwise one would know that even the most learned of men has to let his sense of smell decide for him in all his love-affairs, and one would understand why all our lives long, with a cold or without a cold, we are unceasingly compelled by the power of the Unconscious to repress impressions of smell. A volume could be written on these matters, but in order just to awaken your interest in them I will merely draw your attention to one thing, that popular speech draws conclusions about a man's character from the shape of his nose, that for instance the size and shape of the nose are taken as an indication of his virility, which indeed is an attribute of the

woman, too. How close the relations are between the nose and the sex-organs is proved by the results obtained in diseases of the genitalia by means of cocaine applications to particular parts of the membrane of the nose. The mouth? That does not need to speak in order to tell us what the It wishes to say. Thin lips, pale or scarlet lips, full, or pressed tight together —yes, we are always reading about them in novels, but we do not recognise the unconscious revelations of the It when we meet them, at least we do not see in the people who are related to us, in our friends, our wives, our children, that this one has the corners of the mouth drawn back, so that the forced smile always grinning reveals his deceitful nature, that folk-lore is right in drawing conclusions about a man's ardour from the size of his mouth, that the small mouth is often a result of the will to conceal, and the mouth which kisses is sometimes one which hates.

There you see large out-standing ears: even when their owner is deaf, the It is yet proclaiming "Here is someone who hears a lot."

Avarice moulds the chin: self-will gives it a powerful frame and a cleft chin shows one who likes to be playful in his love-making.

A well-developed breast tell us of a motherly nature, even in the case of childless women; pendulous breasts tell of babies who may have only existed in repeated fantasies, and an enlarged abdomen, even in men, shows how many may

live "expecting," without ever bearing a child, without even the physiological mechanism for bearing a child. The woman who can no longer bear a child, because she is too old, yearns after pregnancy more than does a younger one, and nearly every woman's body gets fatter after the climacteric; and there is little truth in the silly gibe which ill-natured women make against a man, that there would soon be no more children if men had to bear them.

It is always the same. With every thing it brings about, with teeth and hair and nails, with shape and colouring, with smoothness or coarseness of skin, with wrinkles running horizontally or perpendicularly, the It is telling something. It does not need that every man should interpret its speech, so open and yet so secret, but sometimes it is advisable, and for the doctor it is absolutely essential, that he should at times open his eyes to it. There is no danger in that. Man's nature is such that he quickly begins to halt when he pursues life's secrets. When the ignorant superstition about the meaning of the lines and the shape of the hands, the skull, or the nose, dies out, as there seems a good prospect of its doing at the present time, then the It will find some new means of hiding from man's search. Such means it always has ready: it bestowed vanity upon man so that he might remain blind. Stupidity and pride develop side by side. (Dummheit und Stolz wachsen auf einem Holz.)

Daily life. What is more ordinary than seeing and hearing? But is it the ego, then, which decides what we see and what we hear? We would often give a fortune to see or hear something, but we do not see it, even when it lies before our eyes we are not allowed to see it. There have been children for thousands of years, and mothers have longed with every fibre of their being to know the nature of their child, yet did not see it until Freud made his revelations. We do not see what meets the eye, we only see what the It permits us to see, what is not repressed. In the smallest fraction of time thousands of impressions are delineated on the photographic plate of our eye; we perceive hardly any of these for we should go blind in a few seconds if we could and would perceive them. Our ego does not select which of the light-waves that reach the eye shall be communicated to the brain; never once do we choose what we wish to think about. Only the It does that: it lets a tiny portion pass its censorship and the rest it represses, for life depends upon repression. What we think we do is really only what is left unrepressed from the whole of life, what the It allows to our vain, arrogant consciousness.

You think now, that is if any of you are listening to me, that you are hearing my views about everyday life. But not every word does the It allow to enter the listener's consciousness. It keeps guard over all our impressions, using as

its instruments not only the conscious and the unconscious mind, whose workings we can sometimes immediately influence or perhaps even counteract, but also other means which we cannot control because they lie outside the sphere of human knowledge. Immediately it suspects the possibility of something being heard which does not suit its purpose, then a sudden cough, the scrape of a chair, or any of the many noises which intermittently come from a roomful of people, forces the attention of the sense of hearing. Such moments show how completely the It dominates the choice of what shall, and what shall not, be repressed; every one clearly sees then that thousands of sound-waves are always being disregarded by him, but no one gives any thought to this most remarkable fact. On the contrary, it is unanimously believed, and this belief is reflected in our speech, that man is able to direct his attention, that he is its master; he believes exactly the opposite of what actually goes on. One may have the best of intentions to listen, the subject may be interesting, the speaker not unsympathetic, and nevertheless anyone who gives an honest account of himself knows that suddenly, in the midst of a most interesting part, a quite different thought may come into his head, that while some important questions are under consideration he may wonder by what route he had best travel home, why that lady looks so sad, or the damsel over there

is giggling, how long the franc will go on rising, or what resemblance it is that he sees in his neighbour's face. And sometimes one is lost in a daydream, or one begins to wonder how it is one did not notice before that the man next is short of breath or is bald. Come back into a crowded room after you have been in the open air foı a time and you will be astonished to think you could have been even for a minute unaware of the closeness of the room. Man's life is perpetual repression, that is its essence from the cradle to the grave.

What has breathing to do with the will? We have to begin as soon as we leave the womb, we cannot choose but breathe.

"I love you so dearly, I could do anything for you." Who has not felt that, heard it or said it? But try to hold your breath for the sake of your love. In ten seconds, or at most in a quarter of a minute, the proof of your love will disappear before the hunger for air. No one has command over the power to sleep. It will come or it will not. No one can regulate the beating of the heart; whoever thinks he can is either a simpleton or a fantasist. It is the It which settles whether we stretch out our legs or curl them up as we lie down, it makes one person take on the shape of a question mark, another lie with his head on his arm: each position tells us something different about the human It. One man stands stiffly, another droops, but neither of them, not even the

most practised observer of men, the most skilful player at the game, knows when he does this, still less why he does it. Psycho-analytic procedure is able now and again, and seldom enough, to unriddle the meaning of these postures and movements, but even so only when the analyst's It allows him freedom to observe. Someone is talking, and you hear the modulation of his voice; sometimes the modulation varies with the sense of the words, but more often not. Gentle tones change to sharp ones, here a syllable is swallowed and there a word is used which does not accord with the sense: everything tells us something about the It, but nothing about the ego. Gently speaks the man who has a secret to impart or who does not want to wake a slumberer. Take notice how often a man's soft speech will testify, "I am only telling you this in confidence, as a secret," and if you ask him what sort of secret it is, he will never know that he has one. He will deny that it was on this account that he spoke as if in secret, but if you persevere it will come out that there was a secret in his mind which was gradually becoming active, which he only dare whisper to you, but which his gentle speech betrayed to the curious enquirer.

We talk a great deal about education, but how comes it that in the same family brought up in the same way, one child will succeed and another fail? The fact is we think things are important that have no importance whatever,

that are indeed nothing more than errors, self-deception. Tunes run through our heads while we think ourselves seriously engaged, lost in deep thought or feeling, and if we were allowed to understand ourselves we should know that something very different from duty or friendship was important to us. We cannot know how it is with us, but now and again it is a good thing to make clear to ourselves that we are different from what we believe or wish ourselves to be, but are always what we unconsciously show ourselves to be, only in some strange way our neighbours are too much occupied with themselves to see what we are showing.

Self-education, is there such a thing? Certainly not, if we mean by this that we are in a position to ponder over ourselves, that our intelligence, our conscious mind can understand itself. The decision as to what we shall think and strive after is made outside the sphere of the ego, and long before our slow-moving intelligence even knows that a decision must be made. Yet we believe it is our ego which thinks and feels and acts, and however clear we are that love is not intentionally fostered, that it cannot be summoned at discretion, that the "I" has not the least thing to do with love or hate, but that the It drives us to love or to hate, nevertheless we always have to come back to the words and the idea, "*I* love you." Yes, our nature is so fashioned that only with difficulty are we able to realise that

we can at the same time love a man and hate him, and that almost always the words "I love you" are uttered only when hate or indifference is pressing forward, that they are uttered in order to keep the vanishing feeling of love a little while longer and to cover the first little promptings of dislike.

Nowhere is our dependence on things which are purely the concern of the It and have nothing to do with the ego, so clear as in the realm of the emotions. And yet we blame anyone who does not control his emotion, and rightly so. It is, however, unjust and wrong to blame him if we fail to see that we are only blaming him because we ourselves failed a short time before to control our own emotion, for no man ever blames his neighbour unless he has himself committed some trespass which is weighing on him. No one protests his love for the truth unless he has just been untrue, and no one ever cries "Stop thief" unless he has himself been a thief.

Know thyself—so it is written over the entrance to the temple at Delphi. But it is a question whether there is any possibility whatever of knowing oneself, whether such self-knowledge is worth while, whether it is not better to seek after other kinds of knowledge. Ah no! All other searching is merely a means of reaching oneself; it is a way to self-knowledge, perhaps for most people the only way. And whoever makes that search, unwearyingly, despite all stumbling,

will gradually come to abandon blame and hate and envy in his daily life. It is useless however to indulge in anxiety or hope about their disappearance: man is neither good nor bad, he is man, and being a man means being both good and bad.

Know thyself! To achieve that one needs to study others, but emphatically not their conscious life alone; one could not get far with that: it is not their ego which must be investigated, not even their Unconscious alone, but the entire It. And everyday life will tell you a great deal about that. People always think one must go into the depths of a man's nature if one wants to get to know him. But into the depths no mortal eye can penetrate, it is a vain attempt. There is enough to be found on the surface. Everyday life offers enough, only people don't see it, or if they do they find it difficult to interpret.

In medical practice one often sees affections of the surface of the skin. You might suppose that this type of disease would be the easiest to identify, but that is not the case. It is precisely these skin-diseases, the symptoms of which can be examined without trouble by the eye, which are often more difficult to diagnose than deep-seated diseases, indeed not seldom is it quite impossible to classify them according to the medical rubric. It is much the same with the affairs of everyday life, only that there the difficulty already starts with the fact that we can only examine them through the bad glasses of

the ego, and consequently only see a little, and even that is distorted. But something we can learn, and the effort bears fruit. For what can be more urgent than to love God with all our heart and with all our soul, and to love our neighbour as ourself? The road to the love of our neighbour and the love of God lies through self-knowledge. It is possible, I believe, since Freud has taught us about the Unconscious, to travel farther on this road than we were able to before. Whoever analyses himself, investigates and changes himself, he knows himself. But to know and to love are one and the same thing. "He knew his wife"—that means, he loved her. Out of love comes birth. And he who knows himself is born again.

III

THE IT AND DISEASE

In everything that he is and does, and in everything that happens to him, man is for me a phenomenon moulded by his It ; through him his It is made manifest. In accordance with this view even disease must be in some way expressive of the It—must have a meaning which admits of discovery. As a method of arriving at the meaning of any incident, though I know this method is not always successful, I carefully consider the *results* of the particular incident. The first, one might almost say the commonest, result of sickness is suffering, and bound up with that is the desire for help. If a man thinks his sufferings, whatever their nature, are getting worse and worse, he finally gets to a state in which he is dependent on the help of others in certain definite vital activities, a state he and every man has once before experienced, he becomes a baby. The It, therefore, which has made its bearer ill, intends to make him more or less of a baby, according as it suits its purpose. The sick man tries to get help, a particular kind of help which he has already known by experi-

ence, *i.e.*, the help of his mother or of her representative. Always and under all conditions, sickness is a yearning for the mother, for the kind protective mother, a return to childhood. Before ever the It decides upon illness there must be the wish to play the child in some way or other. It is easy to understand that such a wish can be revived by the most varying stimuli, but even so one can draw conclusions as to the causes by considering the results.

Who is the mightiest of all men? People will answer differently according to their dispositions, but whoever compares the power of an adult with that of a child will quickly realise that the child is mightier than the grown-up, that a human being's power dwindles day by day from the time he is born. Since we were all once children and all therefore know by experience that we should have more power if we could be children once again, by becoming ill, it is quite clear that here is one side of the will-to-disease, namely, the will-to-power. This will-to-power is the starting point and also the essential content of what Adler has called Individual Psychology. Fundamentally Adler's importance is a question of medical practice, he has brought a new prescription into fashion in which two powerful ingredients, the teaching of Freud and of Nietzsche, are combined in definite proportions. Obviously one can use this in medical treatment, with a prospect, indeed, of considerable success; but in

our work we have many such powerful prescriptions. It would not be worth our while to linger over this or to attempt any comparison between Adler and Freud: the only point that seems to me worthy of remark is that the inventor of this prescription has not taken one step more and recommended his treatment in cases of so-called organic disease, where it is far more useful than with the neuroses, more particularly since he was already half-way towards the organic sphere with his ideas about organ-inferiority.

We all know the tremendous fuss which is inevitably made everywhere over a new-born baby, and whoever does not consciously frame the thought, still realises it in his feeling of angry jealousy and powerlessness, "The child is the true lord of the world: he is the king of kings." There is only one being who can claim equal rights with him and now and again with equal success, that is, the sick man. Whatever sort of people he may be among, the sick man always finds helpers and nurses and servants.

He finds too, just as the child does, love, love without any regard to his deserts or his worthiness: he wins it, just like the child, for no other reason whatever than that he is in need of it. And this love which is given to him is of a special nature; it is mother-love, love which finds its whole reward in its power of loving. Whoever has grasped the idea that man's life begins with the mother, is separated from her, and because

of this separation for ever strives without ceasing to return to her, will not find it strange that a man should bring illness upon himself, since this is the one and only means of bringing a mother near to him in body and mind, the only possibility of enjoying, without any sense of shame, a tenderness he could never win in any other way, not even from a lover. The sick man's life gets rid of every cause for sorrow, his childish state relaxes all conventions, everything is permissible. True, this is only won at the cost of becoming a child, or renouncing whatever advantages belong to the adult.

Sickness, and this is an allurement very hard to withstand, makes us innocent ; the sick man has no consciousness of guilt, or at least he has a means of destroying it, for he may become worse and worse and at last carry matters so far that he loses consciousness altogether, and with it all feeling of responsibility. Is it so very stupid to get ill, when illness offers such advantages ?

Moreover, sickness brings with it a means of expiating sin, it is itself a punishment. And this punishment which the man unwittingly imposes on himself, has the great advantage that it enables him, under certain conditions, to blame external causes, fate, or God for the injustice done to him, that it makes it possible for him to cast reproaches on something other than his ego. And there, too, he is like a child. Every day of a

child's life sees the same story, that he does something which he himself looks on as a great crime, which oppresses his conscience. But he tells no one about it ; he cannot tell, for experience has taught him that there are certain actions which one mustn't tell to others, even to parents, for the parents' own sake—they are too closely concerned. There is, for example, the death-wish which a child feels every day against its sisters, brothers, father or mother. The adult has it, too, but does not know it, because he has for long been a master in that art of repression which the child has yet to learn. This death-wish—or it may be something else, forbidden pleasure, theft, the intentional injury of some trusting soul, or treachery worse than that of Judas, lying, slander, all of them things which help to fill a child's life—these are felt as mortal sins, and so the child seeks after expiation. How can that be found ? In a simple way, arrived at through the child's marvellous power of intuition. He commits some small stupidity which he knows will annoy his father or mother, and he does this at a moment when he notices the mood of the father or mother. "Now there is already some disturbance of that great person's calm ; now they will give too much importance to innocent naughtiness, and now they will punish me out of all proportion to my deed." So it happens, and so the child reaps the advantage of atoning for the secret guilt without having to

confess it. Thus the child and thus the man behaves, when he grasps after sickness.

Psycho-analysis speaks—I do not know whether the expression emanates from Freud himself—of a flight into illness. With that single phrase it explains in part the process of getting ill; not the whole secret, but a great part. Whoever finds life too hard, sometimes external life, still oftener his private mental life, can easily drop all his difficulties, at least for a time, if he gets ill. The man who breaks his leg cannot go to business, he cannot even be brought into a court of justice until it is possible to move him there without danger, for examination. The man who cannot see which way to take in his mental struggle gets a high fever which deprives him of all power of making a decision, and this perhaps so clouds his consciousness that all remembrance of the inner conflict disappears most opportunely. Occasions in life when to gain time is to gain everything are not so very rare. By the time one has recovered, everything may have changed, by the time one has recovered somebody else may have made the decisions; these, if they turn out well may be gladly accepted; if not, they give to the patient, now recovered from his severe illness, the opportunity of blaming somebody else, of breaking with him or graciously pardoning him, in short, of casting all guilt and responsibility upon another who has not had the misfortune, or in truth the good luck, to be ill.

The flight into illness offers another essential advantage: it is the most effective means of repression. The man who gets ill not only postpones the solution of his inner conflict to some future time, but is also able with the help of the disease to repress this conflict so effectually that either it never emerges again, or with every fresh illness it is each time more easily repressed into the depths of the Unconscious.

Within the limits of an hour's lecture one can merely indicate these things, and indeed, the few things one is even able to indicate can give no idea of the wealth of material to be investigated; but after all that matters very little, since my aim is not to instruct my audience but to stimulate them to investigate and experiment for themselves. I must once again point out that I am not in a position to teach others because I know so little myself; indeed, I am bold enough to assert that no one is in a position to claim leadership, since so little has been done by any one in the way of systematic research in this domain. On the other hand it lies open to the light of day, so that every one has the chance of making highly important discoveries, and cannot fail to make them if he understands how to contemplate the world with childlike eyes, how to be simple without being silly. Previous knowledge proves useful, but always carries with it the risk of prejudice, a risk which partly explains the curious fact that so few truths are discovered by the learned, and

so many by the unlearned who remain childlike. As for my lectures, they make no claim to be complete, but merely to illustrate by means of a few isolated examples, the nature of the It, its manifestation in sickness. If I succeed in awaking the idea in one of you that sickness is nothing abnormal, that its nature is not essentially different from building, or poetry-making, or walking, or health, that it is at certain times and in certain conditions a very unpleasant, and at other times in other conditions a very useful expression of the It, then I shall have been more successful than I dare to hope. To make people childlike and unembarrassed is one of the tasks of sickness, and since the physician's only method of learning is through the study of disease, you will understand that I hold it to be the essential task of the physician to transform his protégés into children, without taking from them the wisdom of maturity and of experience. If you will allow me I will illustrate by a few examples what I mean by calling sickness an expression of the It; you will see that I am saying nothing more than I have already said in dealing with everyday affairs.

Let us take one of the most wide-spread of ills, constipation. We have to discover its significance, we have to understand what the It is saying by means of this condition. In constipation a quantity of material which is in a hollow space inside us, and which according to rule should be

ejected within twenty-four hours, is kept back a while longer. But first we must make sure that the generally accepted idea that the intestine should be emptied every twenty-four hours, is right. As a matter of fact it is not right ; it is an opinion that is always being contradicted in everyday experience. A large number of people in perfect health are in the habit of evacuating at less frequent or at more frequent intervals than the twenty-four hours supposed to be requisite. The exceptions to this so-called universal rule are so numerous that one could hardly credit the blindness of the observers, were it not clear that it was due to quite other causes, that the anxiety over the regular daily evacuations was really not a question of health but a question of mentality, and in particular of a mental attitude towards money. I will return to that point later. Here I will only say in passing that a person whose nature has led him to the habit of observing longer intervals is only injured by being forced to evacuate more frequently. In my own practice the total number of cases is naturally few, but a whole string of my patients have a weekly rhythm of evacuation, and have been made artificially ill throughout their lives because they were supposed to be constipated when they were actually quite healthy. While a great number of healthy people can be constipated their whole lives long—as it seems they can when other peculiarities of their nature are in

consonance—and never have to seek treatment on this account, one may remark on the other hand that the rhythm of evacuation changes in every individual; every infant teaches us that quite clearly. And here I would add a practical observation, or rather a bit of information about my own practice; for more than twenty years I have only prescribed aperients—or even modified dietaries—in severe cases with toxic symptoms, or acute infectious diseases, i.e., in conditions where it was essential to bring about definite changes within a limited time. But, generally speaking, such urgent reasons rarely operate. In the great majority of cases one can rest content with the fact that the bowel has an opening, the anus, and only this one opening; that it can hold an enormous amount without the slightest risk of bursting in consequence of its accumulated mass of material, that all the fairy-tales and theories of auto-intoxication from this source rest upon mistaken observations, and that one can wait without any danger as long as four weeks, perhaps even longer than that, one can wait until evacuation spontaneously occurs. Equally false is the idea that as a result of the delay the material is hardened and consequently the evacuation is made painful. Only in the first two days is water drawn off from the solid material, so that it becomes dry, but the intestinal wall soon begins to secrete fluid, and the contents again become soft. Not a single one of the supposed results actually appears,

neither headache nor discomfort, nausea, dizziness nor loss of appetite. So long as a man lives in anxiety, so long will he show the symptoms of anxiety; no sooner is he convinced that his anxiety is unnecessary than he feels himself healthy, and this feeling persists even if he has to wait for weeks.

But I have wandered far away from what I originally wanted to say. It was the riddle of constipation that I wanted to solve. With constipation the It is saying to every one who will listen, "Within me are things which I do not give up, which I preserve for myself," and since the It believes that within us not only are the remains of our food collected but also all the mental impressions gained through sight or hearing or our other senses, and that the belly is the seat of the soul, it follows that this withholding of the content of the body can be related both to physical and to mental conditions. The retention of the food-residue as such is only significant if the It notices that the absorption of food is not completed within the twenty-four hours period prescribed by the doctors; in such a case more time is taken, and so we have "healthy constipation." So far as I am able to judge it never happens, or hardly ever, that morbid constipation appears with the object of completing the process of absorption; whenever unpleasant symptoms are associated with it we may count on finding more or less

complicated mental states which express themselves in this characteristic form of speech. In the very first days of life the cause is frequently to be found in rage against the mother or against the whole environment. The baby feels very early that it has an almost irresistible weapon in simply withholding its motions, and when once the Unconscious has learnt to use this weapon it will go on doing so in later life. Psycho-analysis believes, in so far as it permits itself to believe anything, that the existence of constipation is a proof of obstinacy. The baby has nothing of his own at his disposal like the older child or the grown-up, but he very early notices that he has a good deal of power in connection with his motions, that he can hasten the time or put it off; the bowel-content, therefore, is for him a possession, and he develops from it the notion of property, of money. It is well known that babies only soil the people they like; they bestow what they possess upon their friends. And this idea, gained in the earliest stage of life, that motion and money are one and the same thing, persists in man's Unconscious and is nearly always operative at the onset of constipation. The blockage says, "Such and such expense has to be borne; I find no pleasure in bearing it, but since I must do it, since I must give up my money, at any rate I will keep the symbol of money, the fæces"; even so foolish is the Unconscious. Or is it perhaps not so very stupid to believe one can get back

one's money again by retaining the stools? Psycho-analysis believes, so far as it dares to hold opinions, that constipation is a sign of parsimony, even of avarice. The seat of the soul is the belly; that is the idea of the Unconscious of the child, and for that matter of the most learned of men. If anyone has a secret to guard and is tempted to tell it, the upshot may be that the secret is betrayed but its symbolic representative is kept in compensation. Since the fæces are thought of as masses of decaying substance, the man who has learnt to know shame and is made stupid enough to distinguish between good and evil, is afraid, at least all Europeans are, to evacuate in the presence of anyone else, or if in spite of this he does so, he has somehow the feeling that he must at once conceal all traces of the deed. This shame which we are trained to feel but which perhaps exists already in our very nature, is transferred to the mental sphere; since we always harbour filth, or what we regard as filth, within our souls and are compelled, from time to time, to reveal it, our Unconscious again saves itself by making use of the symbol—it keeps back our bodily dirt and thinks it will thereby gloss over the exposure of our spiritual filth. If there really are people who are ashamed because they go about with their bowels full of dirt, these must be very few in number; it is usually only when this dirt leaves the body that it is looked upon as dirty. It is

exactly the same with the dirt of the soul; that man is dirty who does not understand how to keep it hidden. But the most important and the most secret message given by the It in retaining the motions is an avowal of self-gratification. In our foolish world the view is held that self-gratification takes place in the genitalia by means of some sort of manipulation there; but that is only a small part, a very small part of the great territory of onanism. People know a good deal about this, too, and are often prepared to admit the practice of genital onanism, but only a few individuals are able to communicate their fantasies as well, though these are part of the process, apparently indeed the harmful part; perhaps no one can do this altogether. Something deeply mysterious, something never to be mentioned, clings to man's love for himself, to the wish bestowed on every man, and by every man put into practice—the wish to provide his own pleasure. This pleasure, which is an essential part of human life, without which there would be no life, may not be seen, it belongs to the kingdom of the Unconscious. Since that is so, it is no matter for surprise that the numerous forms of onanism which are carried on outside the genital sphere are not brought into connection with the term onanism, but are referred to as forms of self-gratification. Nevertheless, onanism it is, and it remains onanism, and the simplest form of secret pleasure, learned long

before the genital form, a form which has the advantage of being accounted innocent by the ego and by the superficial parts of the Unconsciousness, is the retention of waste material in the intestine. The bodily organs which are concerned with evacuation and with retention are surrounded by the sensitive nerves of voluptuous pleasure ; physiologically and anatomically it is impossible either to retain or to evacuate the fæces without gaining pleasure therefrom. That the pleasure thus gained is generally not felt as such, not perceived or valued by the conscious mind, is the result of long repression. Every baby clearly shows, sometimes at his very first evacuation, how great this pleasure is, and every grown-up, if he is one of those who seek to know themselves, can and should convince himself, by means of experimenting with his own body, of the fact that pleasure is gained from evacuation and from keeping back the fæces.

I have been discussing in some measure the significance of constipation, but merely by way of example. If you apply this or that bit of knowledge, assuming that it deserves to be called knowledge, to other modes of sickness, a good many things will become clear. For instance the sentence, " The Unconscious believes the seat of the soul to be inside the man," leads on to some ideas about tonsilitis. This inflammation makes it difficult to swallow. In the Unconscious world of ideas, therefore, it makes it difficult for impres-

sions from outside to enter the mental life; inflammation of the throat may be regarded with some justification as an attempt by the It to close itself against every influence which it has any reason to believe injurious. Affections of the larynx, hoarseness for example, may be taken as the It's attempts to prevent something conscious or unconscious from being uttered aloud: one whispers if one does not wish to be heard or to disturb somebody. Obviously, if the It does not achieve its ends, if its ends are too numerous and too difficult to be achieved by such simple means as hoarseness or constipation, then it will not stop at these, but will grasp at appendicitis, at peritonitis, at abscesses, at tumours, at cancer. The meaning of the illness must have some connection with the function of the organ principally affected; that is not to say, of course, that the meaning is there disclosed in full or even to a great extent—man is not merely heart or stomach, and is therefore never merely ill in his heart or his stomach, but always ill in his total being, his It. But in order to get at the It the most useful approach is by way of the symptoms, considering their seat and their meaning. And in so doing one must not be afraid to reckon among the functions of an organ or of a part of the body all that primitive man, and more especially all that the child attributes to it. For primitive people the functions of the heart are not limited to its

physical rôle; this wins far less attention than the assumption that all feelings of love and of hate find their place there, that envy abides there, there is anger hidden, poison may be there, cares weigh upon the heart, and so forth.

I will leave it to you to go further into these matters. Do not be afraid of drawing ridiculous conclusions. In the medical sphere it is the same as in every other department of life; very often the best way is found by thinking as a child—yes, often the only way. Anyone who sees a blind man may safely conclude that he became blind because his It thought it was better for him to lose his sight, in accordance with the biblical judgment: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." It is sometimes better to lose the sight than to endanger the soul. It is sometimes better to sacrifice one's hand than to steal or to murder. It is sometimes better to flee from life by means of a serious illness, yes, perhaps by means of death itself, than to live on, groaning under the burden of repressed guilt. Why should not the It employ a germ of some sort, or a pebble, or fruit-parings, a drink of cold water, a fright, a terrible thought, in order to rid itself of all responsibility, and destroy all its guilt in a fever, in the pain of a broken limb, in a chill, in a faint or palpitations, or dropsy, and if it is forced to extremities, even death or madness?

One thing remains to be said: disease gives evidence of deceit, of a lie. The way of sickness

is no honourable way, and whoever thinks it possible and desirable to be honest would do well to teach the It other ways of action. Are there any such ways? They lie beyond good and evil, and at the most mankind can only win there for moments, now and then.

There is a deep significance in the word of Christ to the sick; instead of talking about cure He says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

IV

THE IT AND TREATMENT

It is the It on which every treatment turns and in which the whole history of any case is worked out ; everything that happens, both in conscious and in unconscious life, happens through and in the It, though one must remember in this connection that by far the greatest part of life goes on in the realm of the unconscious. To mention only a few examples of this, most of the vital processes are unconscious, are incapable of becoming conscious. The It is not the Unconscious, but conscious and unconscious combined ; it holds absolute sway over the activities of the brain, over consciousness. There is no opposition between the ego and the It, rather is the ego a phenomenon of the It.

If we assume that the determination of the success or failure of the treatment lies with the patient, and, moreover, not with his ego but with his It, we can find a clue to a problem that is otherwise difficult to understand, viz., why the same measures produce certain results at one time, and quite different results at another time; why many patients are benefited by a particular

physician while others get worse under his treatment, and better under a man who is quite obviously far more stupid; why even acknowledged charlatans, who have not a shred of belief in their own prescriptions, may have more success than earnest, honourable, well-trained and clear-sighted doctors. Then, too, we can understand why one person recovers from a dangerous illness when all the conditions are apparently against him—perhaps he is homeless, cold and starving, without medical advice or help—while another dies of some trivial complaint although he is surrounded by all the care that love can give. Indeed, it may happen that a man will die from an operation on his finger, performed by a skilled surgeon under strictly antiseptic conditions, while a peasant who opens an abscess with a dirty knife which he has used for every conceivable purpose, gets well again. And finally we must remember that by far the greatest number of illnesses are never treated at all, and, again, that of the illnesses that result in cure the majority are among those that have not been treated. All of which goes to prove that for the purpose of cure the essential factor is not the person who gives the treatment, nor the measures he prescribes, nor the way in which his orders are carried out—in brief, that treatment alone cannot produce a cure.

These facts stand in direct antithesis to certain others—that some particular sick man will get

worse and worse up till the moment when a doctor—or perhaps some quack or other—undertakes his treatment, though this treatment may be palpably absurd; that a disease may get more and more hold until some particular mode of attack is made upon it, some drug or bath or dietary is given, or whatever else one can devise. Or a man may recover after being cut about by a surgeon, or kneaded by a masseur, and thousands of people die because no one has helped them. In other words, medical action has a meaning, it is, in the deepest sense, justifiable, purposeful.

And so centuries of experience, as well as our own individual experience, teach us that in accordance with certain known rules, definitely regulated measures may restore a sick organism to health, they may indeed be essential to the cure, and, on the other hand, that another sick organism, apparently in identically the same case as the first, may not respond to the same treatment. Such an one may reject the methods approved by scientific and ordinary experience, and choose to be cured by other—in some cases quite ridiculous—means, or without any assistance from other people he may work out his own salvation by using the conditions of his own environment. In sickness, as in every other mode of life, it is the organism which is the decisive factor, which applies the influences around it to this or that purpose, which summons or turns away from certain of the innumerable phenomena

and incidents of life. Since the mode of action and the particular properties of this factor are indeterminable, I have chosen to designate it by the indefinite term "It." The physician's task has always been, and will always continue to be, the exploration of the It. And here one must explain that the It has certain habits, that, for instance, it mostly builds up the human eye, the lungs, the brain, according to a definite pattern, and responds in the same way to hunger and thirst, that it likes to breathe and sleep and move by rule, that the desire for help is commonly awakened by pain, discomfort or weakness, that it clearly wishes a broken limb to be protected and put straight, that certain processes usually call forth definite and often conscious response in thought, feeling or action, in short, that it has a complex but comprehensible mode of speech and communication through sound, movement, facial expression and so forth. Now it is these more or less easily understandable communications of the It which physicians of every age, qualified and unqualified, whether throughout their lives, or for longer or shorter periods at a time, have devoted themselves to collecting and systematising. What has come out of it all, we call science, and a brilliant witness to man's achievement it is! Because of the immense wealth of this treasury of knowledge, and the no less wonderful results which its use in sickness has won, it is almost an inevitable error into which

we fall when we think that we really know something, perhaps the most important things, about the It, or that at least the methods have been clearly established by which it may be explained. This error, fed by our invincible vanity, the fundamental quality of the human race, is shown up every day in mockery by the It itself, but it is precisely our vanity which prevents us from hearing or heeding its scornful declaration, "You know nothing!" Nevertheless, an error it remains, for very often, far more often than we realise, the It behaves differently from the way our knowledge would lead us to expect. The It is ruler, and God alone understands it.

It is only he who keeps the insufficiency of our knowledge always in mind who is truly a man of science. The scientific thinker says to himself, "This and this you see, and you draw such and such conclusions therefrom. Perhaps those conclusions and the action you base on them are right, but just as likely they are wrong. All your thoughts are subjective, determined by a force outside your control, a force which controls you, a force you do not know but which knows you, and takes a delight in mocking at your vanity, your It. Do not give any diagnosis, for it will generally be a dis-diagnosis; but if you must diagnose, make it as simple and as general as you can. Do not talk of appendicitis, but rather of belly-pains. Do not say anything, do not even think anything, about the possible outcome.

You are no prophet, and the people who want you to appear wise you may know at once really despise you as a pompous fool. Above all, never give advice. Put off action as long as you can, and watch for the signs of the patient's It. Sooner or later, it will probably whisper to you the advice you can pass on to the patient. Do not trust in your own power, but in that of the It! And listen always for its voice."

June, 1925.

V

THE DURATION OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

Psycho-analytic treatment, according to a report in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of the Berlin Psychological Society, must last from six months to three years. "There must be daily consultations. . . . At the best, psycho-analysis is only available for the rich."

On February 3rd, 1926, a poor girl sought my help because of a continual vomiting she had had after every meal since January 6th. As a result she had grown woefully thin and was no longer able to do her work. Her treatment lasted three-quarters of an hour, and the vomiting has never since recurred. In this treatment I used no other means than psycho-analysis, and I did not attempt a physical examination. The analysis produced the following story:—

Since her earliest childhood the girl had lived in a state of constant rivalry with her sister, a rivalry which became more bitter when a man began to frequent the house and pay court to them both. Finally he became engaged to the elder sister, without, however, ceasing to make love to the younger one, my patient. On the

6th of January, while dancing with the younger sister, he declared to her that he would break off his engagement and would marry her, and not her sister. That same night they had sexual relations, which, in the girl's locality, were held to be equivalent to a promise of marriage. No pregnancy followed, and the young man, as a matter of fact, broke off the engagement with the elder sister without asking for the hand of the younger one. In November, 1925, my patient, who was in a situation away from home, learned that her lover had renewed his engagement to her sister. By the time she went home for Christmas she already knew, and she was also definitely told, that the wedding would take place in May. The girl went back to her work, but on the exact anniversary of her first and only sexual experience the vomiting began. Now in the district to which the girl belonged a sexual union, as I have said, was taken to be equivalent to betrothal, but nevertheless it is understood that if no child is thereby conceived, both parties are free again to cancel the engagement. Should the girl become pregnant, however, the marriage must be carried through without fail. If not, the man is ostracised and scorned by the whole village, indeed by the countryside around. The explanation I gave to the girl was this. "In 1925 you firmly believed that your lover would marry you, otherwise you would not have solemnly vowed yourself to him by the sexual

act. Because of this firm belief you did not find it necessary to become pregnant. But this year, because you have not given up the wish to marry him, although you know that he will be lost to you, your Unconscious harks back to the most effective means for forcing marriage upon him, and in this incessant vomiting it is putting up a pretence at pregnancy. You may give up the vomiting. What would have won a husband for you a year ago is useless now, and besides, it is quite out of the question that you should be pregnant now." Furthermore, on the basis of a whole string of childish memories she related to me concerning the unfortunate relationship with her sister, I gave her the following counsel. "Your love for this man is deceptive. Everywhere, so long as the world has lasted, the female creature whose passion for a male was really awakened, has compelled the male to come to her. God has given the means and the power for this, and the human female too has this means and this power. If you had genuinely loved your sister's betrothed, he would now be yours. But you have not desired this man, you have only wished to alienate him from your enemy. What you feel is not love for him but hatred against your sister. But the hatred of one's kin is as old as the world. Cain is always slaying Abel. Be honest with yourself and you will not need to be ill." I do not doubt that the girl might have been helped in other ways, but the

question is whether any other treatment would have been equally thorough and speedy.

A short time ago I had another similar experience. A simple woman, not of the wealthy classes, complained to me that she had suffered for weeks from vomiting. For the last few days she had been quite unable to take any solid food, even slops were nearly always thrown up again. She was losing strength and weight, her sleep was disturbed, her face was grey and shrunken. Since I had been very successful in treating her analytically some years before for supposed tuberculous throat—the diagnosis had been made by a well-known throat specialist—my conversation with her only needed ten minutes. The vomiting immediately ceased, and the next morning she had gained a pound in weight. The patient was the mother of three children. Since I knew that she dreaded another pregnancy, I asked her whether she feared she was pregnant again. No, she did not fear that now, but seven weeks before she had suddenly and quite unjustifiably been afraid of it. However, twice since then she had had her periods, and so she was now quite convinced she was not pregnant. I explained to her that although with her conscious intelligence she knew she was not, it was nevertheless possible for the Unconscious still to believe in it, and to bring about the vomiting in order to eject the child, for the vomiting of pregnancy is due to the absurd but none the less general

notion that the child, so long as it is still very tiny, can be got rid of through the mouth. The Unconscious is full of wonderful ideas that have long been abandoned by the intelligence. It obstinately believes, for example, against all the better knowledge of the understanding, that the embryo enters the body through the mouth and can be got rid of through the mouth. I then asked her what day it was that she first had this sudden anxiety about her pregnancy, and she named the date—she knew it exactly. Then I asked her the date of her youngest child's birthday, and she named that. It was 280 days later than the date of the dreaded new conception. We both laughed, and the consultation was at an end.

Certainly in this case, too, other means than those I used might have been used, and non-analytic treatment would have succeeded here too. But the fact remains that this successful analytic treatment lasted ten minutes, not six months nor three years.

How is it that a scientific society with so grand a name—"Psychological Society"—could have allowed such a statement to pass unchallenged as that psycho-analytic treatment lasts from six months to three years? How is it that this scientific society arranged for a lecture to be given without satisfying itself that the lecturer had studied the subject on which he is to speak? And if it were of the opinion beforehand that this

lecturer knew his subject, how is it that not a single person, in a society of psychologists, could give better instruction to this uninstructed lecturer ?

March, 1927.

VI

THE IT'S WORK IN TRANSFERENCE

Health and sickness are among the It's forms of expression, always ready for use. Consideration of these two modes of expression reveals the remarkable fact that the It never uses either of them alone, but always both at once; that is to say, no one is altogether ill, there is always some part which remains sound even in the worst of illnesses, and no one is altogether well, there is always something wrong even in the perfectly healthy. Perhaps the best comparison we could give would be with a pair of scales. The It toys with the scales, now putting a weight in the right pan, now in the left, but never leaving either pan empty; this game, which is often very puzzling but always significant, never purposeless, is what we know as life. If once the It loses its interest in the game, it lets go of life and dies. Death is always voluntary; no one dies except he has desired death. In dealing with health and disease the It can put the weights in both scales at once, it has the divided will to be both sick and well, and it always makes use of this double power and divided will at one and the same

time, so that it is in a threefold sense "ambivalent." And in this game the It puts the same kind of weight in each scale; from the self-same elements it can produce either the expression of health or that of sickness. It is a false idea that disease is something essentially foreign to the organism, something arising from external conditions, not related to the organism itself, something not desired by it, that it is not created for certain quite definite ends.

This power, this will, this actual concurrence of what is apparently incompatible, this ambivalence of expression, is a characteristic quality of the It. From the details of embryology, as they have been established by the experiments of Roux, Driesch, and above all Spemann, one may conclude that even the very earliest form of expression of the It, the fertilised ovum, possesses this quality of ambivalence, and displays it in the process of building up the organism. Indeed, the more carefully one looks into physiological and pathological processes, the more often one succeeds in finding such clear indications of it that even the most fractious opponent can bring nothing of importance against it. In the sphere of psycho-analysis, which is the one and only means of getting closer to the It, and influencing it by mingling conscious and unconscious phenomena so that the unconscious becomes conscious and the conscious unconscious, Freud has made the ambivalence of mental life clear enough to be

understood by everyone. We know that love includes hate, that contempt is bound up with respect, that scorn betokens admiration, that counsel dissuades, that commands forbid, that "Yes" means "No." And not until we know this are we able to understand what Freud calls "transference."

That man has feelings, no one will dispute. But it is a question whether the usual assumption is valid, that feelings are called forth by external stimuli, or at least whether it gives the whole truth; for myself, the only possible answer is that it does not give the whole truth, nay, that it is false, or at least that it cannot be proved. We can, of course, say something about what happens within us when we hear music, see colours, or feel warmth, but about these external things themselves we can only say what the It allows us to discover by means of our own powers of perception. The It, which is in perpetual motion, is in some particular mood, the basis of which we know nothing about, but which we may at our own pleasure describe as physical, chemical, electrical, radial, occult, or psychic. In this mood it now searches the outer world for impressions that will give the mood a rational basis; one might almost say, it turns the world upside down to make it fit its mood. German speech, at any rate, supports this interpretation, for "Empfinden" (to feel) is "to find" something which is over against us, that is, something

outside ourselves, and the word implies that it is we, the person, the It, which is active, while the outer world merely tolerates the "finding."

The significance of this conception to the present argument lies in the fact that the acceptance of the absolute rule of the It, and of its mood of the moment, makes it easier to understand a number of curious facts—such as for instance, that we feel a certain temperature to be cold one day and warm the next; or that we suddenly find a person uncongenial to us whom we liked just before, or that some quality we hold to be beautiful, or good or adorable, in ten years' time, or in another person, we call ugly, bad or disgusting. Our daily life offers endless examples of this sort of thing. The cheery man enjoys the sun, and goes to seek it, or sits close up to the glow of the fire; another, in a bad mood, withdraws into the shade, into darkness, finds warmth and light intolerable. Does anyone feel amorous, he will quickly find something to satisfy his love, be it only a printed romance, or some love-scene conjured up in his brain. Whoever feels hatred will seek and find something to hate, and whoever feels guilty will soon discover in someone else the guilt which is so unpleasant to himself, and which he therefore first projects into the world around him, and then takes to be directed towards him from outside, as though he had suffered wrong rather than committed it.

Thus in the emotional life the It behaves just

as it does in disease ; it seizes what is useful for its own purposes from the world around ; warmth, cold, hunger, thirst, love, envy, tubercle-bacillus, streptococcus, bullet, dagger, orange-peel (to break a leg), decayed teeth to spoil one's looks and keep other people at a distance. It gives an evil smell to some substance or other in the body to ward off the hateful kiss or one too hotly desired; fixes dirt to the hair, that net of love, in order to spoil its intoxicating fragrance, or buys perfumes for the same purpose. Is anyone in laughing mood ? Some ground for amusement will be there. And if he is disposed to weep, on the instant he will see or hear something which calls for tears.

But the It is ambivalent. Someone longs for heat, who can say why ? He makes use of malaria, and so creates the heat of fever ; at the same time he satisfies the desire for cold which is also troubling the It. There is high fever, but the body shivers in spite of it. Desire awakens in the growing girl and creates in her a strange ardour, as yet but little regarded and always wrongly interpreted, and in connection with this, a periodic bleeding. At the same time the will opposing desire is also active, giving rise to headaches and body pains, damping down all sexual feelings, and driving the girl who is enduring the conflict to her bed. The expectant mother rejoices in the coming child ; nevertheless the ambivalent It forces her to vomit, a tragi-comical

attempt to expel the child through that same opening which long ago the mother, as a two-year-old, took to be the entrance used for intercourse and fertilisation. Another It allows a man to play at being rash, careless, a seducer of women, but into his tissues it smuggles the germ of syphilis, and the poison of gonorrhœa, and so in time it makes him incapable of enjoying his romantic freedom. In the same way the It leads the boy or girl to feel love and tenderness towards both father and mother, and yet at the same time inspires the wish, "If mother were only ill, then I could enjoy myself with father"—"If father were to die, then I could marry mother, could do what I wanted with her, without fearing his wrath."

The It is ambivalent, making mysterious but deep-meaning play with will and counter-will, with wish and counter-wish, driving the sick man into a dual relation with his doctor so that he loves him as his best friend and helper, yet sees in him a menace to that artistic effort, his illness. It is the ambivalence which makes the patient obedient, but at the same time creates that resistance which is the essential, the peculiar object of treatment, the physician's field of action. A knowledge of this resistance will be essential to all medical work of the future, and its discovery alone would have sufficed to put Freud in the company of the greatest physicians, but the outcome of the resistance can never be

foretold until we learn the use it makes of the transference.

The It—from birth, it seems, or probably even before birth—has needs and capacities for hate and for love. The greater part of this hate and this love it devotes, and is obliged to devote, to itself and this it does throughout the whole of life; but in so far as it is free to do so, it bestows love and hate upon the world around, and first of all upon what is closest to it in earliest infancy, upon things, experiences, people, that happen to be there. Warmth, air, light, milk, breast, damp, fæces, urine, water, clothes and cot-linen; privacy, security, confinement and space; littleness and bigness; danger, anxiety, hunger, thirst, breathing, evacuation, birth, suckling, tenderness, impatience, carefulness, clumsiness, love, hate, kindness, washing, voluptuousness, sleep, and so forth. As for people, there is first the mother, then again the mother, and once more the mother, and next to her the father, brothers and sisters and anyone else who may be there. All these things and a thousand others the child meets with ambivalent feelings, he feels attraction or repulsion. Now since the It's outstanding property is memory, particularly unconscious memory, it favours habit-formation, and it is in the habit, given certain circumstances, of producing the same response in feeling. Without being aware of doing so it draws its own conclusions, something like this: "Three times now

I've had to lie too long in my dirty napkin, and that's because there were other people with mother. If the Great One is at home, I have to drink in a hurry. If it is dark, I don't get any milk, at any rate, not without a struggle. A ring at the door disturbs my drink, so do other children. When the Great One has been playing with me, mother's milk is much nicer. Brothers and sisters are a nuisance. Cross-tempered women's voices show that I'm to have my bath and get nasty soap in my eyes. If I cry, people will look after me, only if the Great One suddenly starts being angry I shall get smacked. The Great One holds me awkwardly away from him if I honour him with my sprinkler"—and so on, and so on. And thus we build up habits of feeling which are always being repeated in such-and-such circumstances, whether or not they be justified. They are "transferred" from an earlier mood on to a fresh situation. One might say, and we have some evidence for saying, that even before the third year of life has run out, the child has discovered so many and such varied sources of emotion that henceforth he only needs to "transfer," and in fact that is all he does. At most, when one mode of transference does not fit a given situation, he exchanges it for another, perhaps exactly the opposite.

This capacity to transfer, with extreme rapidity and quite unjustly, both positive and negative emotion, is used extensively for the

purpose of resistance. The It transfers feelings both of friendship and of enmity on to the doctor, and thereby further helps or obstructs his efforts. Since life is made up more or less of these transferences the doctor must select certain of them, if he is not to be overwhelmed by the flood of phenomena, and use these in dealing with the resistance. The most important of them is the transference from the mother to the doctor, and next, that from the father. At least, that is commonly accepted in accordance with Freud's procedure, and there is some justification for it. But this does not mean that there are not other transferences, or that one is justified in leaving other possibilities out of account. It is even conceivable that certain impersonal transferences are of more importance than these two. Nevertheless, so far as the present practice is concerned, medical treatment deals mostly with the transference from the mother and from the father upon the doctor.

August, 1925.

VII

CLINICAL COMMUNICATIONS

1 MISCELLANEOUS

That disease of every kind is susceptible to psycho-therapeutic treatment cannot be proved; it can only be a matter for trial and experiment. My only aim in making these communications is to induce as many physicians as possible to make the trial.

The first case I shall deal with is that of a lady who came under my care in 1921 suffering from general œdema, the result of non-compensation in heart disease. The first three weeks of combined physical and mental treatment produced good results, but things came to a stop in the fourth week, and then there was a serious relapse. I therefore decided to take certain action which I had often found beneficial, though only when taken at the right juncture in any treatment. I explained matters to the patient as follows: "You know you have been up and about and have had no pain these many years, although the condition of the heart has been the same. That you are now ill and have œdema cannot therefore

be due to the heart trouble, but to some disturbance between the action of the heart and the opposition of your organism to this action. The attempt to strengthen the power of the heart has failed, as you know. The attempt we have made during the first three weeks to diminish the resistance against the heart's action led to improvement, yet during the last eight days, although apparently the treatment has not changed, we have first come to a standstill and then lost ground. That shows, if we like to understand the message, that something in the treatment has changed so that it no longer is effectual. All treatment includes two factors: First, what is prescribed, and second, the personal influence of the doctor. Since no change has been made in the regimen prescribed for you, the disturbance must concern my personal influence. I would ask you to think over what it is that you have against me." I received the usual reply, the patient had nothing at all against me. At last, as I remained obstinate in my belief and the patient equally so, I resorted to cunning and asked her, without warning, to repeat one of the commandments. At once, without stopping to think, she repeated the commandment against adultery. "Why do you think that I have committed adultery?" I asked. "I have been told that you were divorced, and although your first wife is still alive, you have married again." "That is so," I replied, "but

you forget that I am a Protestant, and so my faith does not prohibit a second marriage while my first wife is alive. But when did you hear that my first wife was still living?" "Eight days ago." "Then that was when you first began to get worse. I must now tell you something else if we are to get any good from all this. You have made a charge against me which cannot be justified, and this you did knowing that I was a Protestant. Now unjust charges are only made when the accuser has committed the fault with which he taxes another. I know, then, quite certainly, that you yourself have broken your marriage vow."

Greatly moved, my patient then told me the following story: "It is not the vow of earthly fidelity that I have broken, but a far more sacred pledge. As a young girl I longed to be a nun, but my parents set themselves against my desire and I gave it up, making a secret and inviolable oath to myself that I would remain a virgin for the whole of my life. This vow, made to God, I have betrayed, for, as you know, I am married. Since my wedding I have had bitter struggles with my conscience, always renewing them as soon as they die down. I have spoken of it in confession, but although the priest has assured me that no validity can attach to such a vow, and therefore no mortal sin is committed in breaking it, still I never lose my burden of anxiety nor find any peace of mind." After this confession I had a

further conversation with the patient, and advised her when she returned home to discuss the situation with a priest, not in confession, but in his private capacity. What she had told me showed that she did not trust the judgment of the priest as her confessor, and so that could only increase her sense of guilt. This she promised to do.

After I had gone from the room she started to urinate, and in such quantities as I have hardly ever experienced with any patient, certainly not with any suffering from incapacity to urinate like this patient. Within four hours her weight had gone down by five kilograms, and the next morning by another kilogram. From the moment she told her story her condition grew better every day, and in a short time every sign of defective compensation had disappeared. Some idea of her condition may be gathered from her loss of weight, which amounted to four kilos in the first four weeks of the treatment, and in the week following her confession to twenty-five kilos. The patient returned to her home quite recovered. Six months later her husband wrote, asking me to come to her, but I could not answer the summons, for the distance was great and I was tied by other duties in Baden Baden. A week later he wrote again to tell me his wife had died from dropsy. He added that severe symptoms had made their appearance after his wife had been to confession. She had then told him of her belief that she had broken a sacred oath and

said that in her last confession she had again included this sin and the priest had once more assured her that such a vow made by a young girl was of no importance, but she could not believe this.

From my way of relating these events it will be clear that I am inclined to believe that the disturbance of the circulation was, in fact, overcome through the patient's talk with me, and that accordingly the treatment of a conflict in the heart—and religious belief in common parlance is an affair of the heart—may well be included in the treatment of heart cases. This cannot be proved, at any rate not at present, but after all it is not the duty of a medical practitioner to furnish proofs, although, of course he will always think he is in the right. But it is surely permissible to regard an indication arising out of practical experience, such as I have given, as sufficient grounds for scientific investigation.

I give a second case which illustrates anew the importance of the fundamental principle in all medical treatment, "See that you do no harm."

A lady with chronic inflammation of the joints of both upper and lower extremities sought my help after trying many fruitless treatments. She had already been about six weeks in Baden Baden under the care of a doctor in this town, and had been taking the baths on his advice. Instead of improving she got worse, for a severe pain in

the upper part of her spine made it impossible for her to lie either on her side or on her back, so she was forced to sleep lying face downwards. This pain began on the first day of her treatment in Baden Baden, and had got worse and worse. Before examining her carefully, I gave her the following explanation:

"If we like we can regard an illness associated with increasing pain as a self-punishment. In your case, assuming this to be so, it would be easy to get an answer, not a learned, but still, perhaps a useful one, to the question as to why your arms and your legs are affected, for it is with arms and hands that evil is done, and legs and feet may wander into ways of sin. But this unscientific though practical explanation gives no reason for the pain in your spine. Can you tell me of any incident which may have led to the punishment of your spine where inflammation is rarely met with?" "Yes," replied the patient, "I can. The doctor whom I have been under in Baden Baden threw me into a state of excitement the first moment that I saw him, and of this I am deeply ashamed, for he has not the slightest inkling of the effect he has on me, and my feeling seems to me a proof of my vileness. My excitement and at the same time my feelings of guilt rose to an almost intolerable degree when the doctor helped me to prepare for his examination by unfastening a button at the back of my blouse which I was unable to reach with my bad arm.

I do not ever remember feeling so deep a sense of shame as I had when I felt his hand on my back. And as far as I can judge, the painful place is exactly where his touch produced in me this strange confusion."

Not until after this conversation did I make any searching examination of the patient. The remarkable swelling and sensitiveness of the fourth vertebra led me to conclude that there was inflammation there. I discussed very fully with her the question of her excitement and feeling of guilt, and the unconscious sources of her transference. On the following day the swelling and the pain had disappeared and did not return. The patient has come for several years in succession to spend six weeks or so in Baden Baden. In the first year I treated her with massage, baths, dietary and psycho-analysis, but subsequently only with analysis, and the result may be considered as a complete cure. The analysis led to the conclusion that the illness had arisen through the "double sex" of the patient, that it was what Adler calls a masculine protest. The most noticeable somatic phenomenon was a strong growth of hair on the upper lip, and that has not altered. Her deep, manly voice has quite gone, and she has lost all swelling and stiffness of the joints, symptoms which in my opinion are symbolic of the masculine protest. However, I am not quoting this case to justify these views, but to show that without any blameworthy action

on the part of the doctor, even without his being in the slightest degree aware of what he has done, great harm may be suffered by the patient in the course of a necessary and unavoidable examination. To observe any harm when it occurs, and to rectify it as far as possible, is the most difficult task in the whole of psycho-therapy.

Another case, taken from the surgical field, is a further example of the masculine protest. In 1911 an English lady came for treatment because of severe abdominal pain. Four years before, she had had her first operation for hysteroptosis, and the womb had been firmly stitched in place. The following year floating kidney had been discovered, and a second operation was performed to put that right. The third year the stomach was stitched in place because of gastroptosis. This last operation did nothing for the patient, while the first two had at least for a time ameliorated her many pains. I only treated her by psycho-therapy, from which it emerged that from the time of her earliest childhood she had been dissatisfied with her fate of being a girl and had tried to imitate the peculiarities of boys in all sorts of ways. When eight years old she was put in charge of a governess whom she loved passionately, and who with some success tried to wean the child from her playing at being a boy. An apparently trivial incident changed the little girl's tender love into overwhelming hate. She had been accustomed,

through her desire to be a boy, to stand on the closet when urinating. One day the governess surprised her in this act, and there was a stormy scene in the course of which the child's love was altogether destroyed. In her conscious mind she now abandoned the attempt to be a boy, but the desire appears to have been reinforced in the unconscious through repression. The patient at least accepted my suggestion that her sufferings, this continual sinking of the abdominal organs, were due to the attempt to press out of the body the masculine organ which must there be concealed. All pain disappeared and had not returned three years later, but the outbreak of war prevented my hearing anything more from this patient. Her treatment lasted three weeks.

From this and other cases in my experience I am inclined to think that there is some causal relationship between the "double-sex" of a girl and multiple enteroptosis, but this is merely a subjective opinion of little practical value. At the same time I hope that the history of this case makes it clear that psycho-therapy has a special significance, hitherto unfortunately quite neglected, in surgical cases.

In conclusion I will relate a case from another department of medicine. Many years ago a working man whom I had learnt to know and to respect told me the story of his life. He had grown up in a mountain village far from civilisation, and had never been to school, but had spent his childhood

as a shepherd boy. Only when he left home in later years did he learn to read and write. At fourteen he was taught shoe-making by the village shoemaker, and from morning till night he had to sit silent at his work, his only distraction being the conversation his master had with passers-by. Among those who came to the shop was a certain blind man whom all the village people called a blasphemer of God. They were ignorant enough to believe absolutely that he had been made blind by God as a punishment for not going to church.

This man had made an unforgettable impression on the boy. After some time he gave up his shoemaking and took to wandering, for he was suffering from retinal hæmorrhage, and the doctor warned him he must find some other work less trying to his eyes. Years later he came to consult me, for his eyes had gradually got worse and the oculist had told him nothing more could be done for him. The retinal hæmorrhage was continually starting anew. The very day he came to me his oculist had discovered a fresh bleeding. He told me that autumn was the worst time for the hæmorrhage, and also he suffered from great depression in autumn as now—in October. When I asked him how he explained the outbreak of bleeding in October, he said it might be connected with the dying of Nature. The fall of the leaves made him sad, and it might well be that his eyes grew weaker on this

account. Moreover, on this occasion he knew of another reason for the hæmorrhage: his little daughter had struck him in the eyes while playing. At that time I was still a little bold in my associations, and I told him that while there must be some connection between autumn and his retinal hæmorrhage, it was obvious that it was nothing to do with the dying of Nature, since Baden Baden in October gives no impression of death, but rather of glowing, fiery life. I asked the patient whether anything serious had ever happened to him in October, but he said there was nothing. As I was not convinced, I asked him to name any number, and he gave me "eight." To my further question whether anything had happened to him when he was eight years old, he again replied in the negative. At that moment it occurred to me that he had told me how the blind man was called a blasphemer of God, so I asked him whether he had ever blasphemed God. He laughed and said he had been very pious as a child, but for many years now he had ceased to trouble himself about these things. God and the Church, they were only bogies used to deceive the common people. Suddenly he stammered, grew pale and fell back in his chair unconscious.

When he came to himself again he fell weeping on my neck, saying: "Doctor, you are right. I am a blasphemer of God, just as the blind man was, of whom I told you. I have never told a single

soul about it, not even in confession, and now when I think of it, I find it almost unbearable. And you are right too about the autumn, and about my being eight years old. It all happened in autumn in the year I was eight. In my home district, which is strictly Catholic, there are wooden crucifixes on the borders between one village and another. At one such crucifix we, my brothers and I and a few other boys, were throwing stones, when I was so unfortunate as to knock the figure of the Christ from the crucifix so that it fell and broke in pieces. That is the most terrible experience in the whole of my life."

When he had calmed down a little, I told him that I could not associate to-day's hæmorrhage with the blow in his eye he had had from his little daughter. There must be some other connection, and he must think about the preceding day and name any hour to me. He said, "five o'clock," and to the question whether he remembered where he was at that time, he replied that he knew exactly, for he had got into the tram at a particular spot at five o'clock. I asked him to go again to that spot, and when he came back, he told me with some excitement that immediately opposite the place where he had mounted the tram there stood a crucifix.

I explained to him that it is possible to look upon every illness as a measure of protection against a worse fate, so one cannot escape the

idea that retinal hæmorrhages arise in order to prevent the sufferer from seeing something—in this particular case, so that the patient might not be reminded of his blasphemy by the sight of the Cross.

It is a matter of indifference whether this suggestion has any justification or not, and I know full well that it is not a complete explanation of the problem of disease, but it does not matter to therapy whether the doctor's action is correct or not. All that matters is that the patient should make use of this action in order to get himself well. I must conclude that this patient did so use my observations, for he had no further hæmorrhages for a couple of years, although he gave up his outdoor occupation and settled down to sedentary work which required a great deal of writing. Two years later he had a fresh attack, which proved to be associated with the sight of an iron cross worn by an ex-soldier. This cleared up, and from that time, thirteen years ago, no hæmorrhages have occurred. Yet he is now a book-keeper and must use his eyes more than most people.

Everyone of these patients had consulted specialists before coming to me, and the diagnoses were made by them. For myself, I believe that errors are not infrequently due to the striving after exactness in naming diseases, and that a different type of diagnosis will be developed which will not be satisfied with names, nor even with the

findings made by examining the patient, but which will attempt to understand his situation in regard to his environment. I should like to repeat once more that these communications are made solely in order to persuade other doctors to test my conclusions for themselves in their own practice.

VIII

CLINICAL COMMUNICATIONS

2. HEAD-ACHES

A lady is complaining of severe head-ache. She says she has been sitting in a draught between two open windows, and that is the reason. I ask her what a head is for. "For thinking." And if her head-ache has grown worse and worse, what about the thinking? "One can't go on thinking." "Very well, then you have the head-ache because there is something you mustn't think about." "I don't know that there's anything I oughtn't to be thinking about." "Something very important and very unpleasant. But your tentative answer is proof enough that you do know of something." "No, there is nothing, or, rather, it was the draught." "If only people would realise that they stand or sit in a draught a hundred times without ever being the worse for it! Because this is so often harmless, something else must be active for ill-results to follow. And this something else is the intolerable, and, in some way, forbidden, thought." "When I was a child I was often forbidden by two elderly

aunts to sit in a draught. They said it was dangerous. To-day I intentionally sat in the draught, so perhaps it is this transgression." "Sentences with 'perhaps' in are suspicious; many words, but they weigh light. I told you you were repressing some thought that was important to you, because it was unbearable. Probably it has something to do with a draught." "You are right. When my mother was dying—her last illness was bronchitis—I reproached myself bitterly for being the cause of her death. The doctor said she must have caught a chill, and since she had not been out of the house for more than a year it could only have been caused by a draught. I then remembered that some time before the onset of her illness I had placed my mother in a draught between two windows while I was airing her room. Besides, to-day is the anniversary of her death. And now my head-ache has disappeared." I must add in further explanation that this lady was staying with one of my patients who was very nervous about catching cold, and had taken advantage of the friend's absence to have their joint room thoroughly aired. A mutual friend of both ladies had died a few days before. I am quoting the case, apart from the fact that the whole thing only took about five minutes, in order to draw one or two conclusions from it.

In my experience, head-aches, even those determined by severe organic diseases, only come

on when an unbearable thought, which at some time has been very important, is repressed and not allowed to come into consciousness. In this case it was the idea of having killed the mother. The repression of a thought is not the sole determinant of the head-ache, it is not even the most important, but it is always there.

Everyone belonging to our civilised society whose mother has died, believes that he is guilty of her death, believes it even when the mother has died far away from him.

All grown-up people whose bringing-up has been such that birthdays or anniversaries of deaths have had some significance for them in their childhood—in some circles, of course, the christening day is more important than the birthday—celebrate the mother's birthday and death-day, and eventually other anniversaries, by a change of condition, by uneasiness, very frequently by a head-ache. The reason why head-ache is very often chosen for this celebration is that the hollow of the skull is taken by the It for the mother's womb, while the thoughts are children.

All people, even the so-called healthy, have in their Unconscious a very exact memory for dates and hours; they carry about with them, as Stekel once put it, an unconscious calendar. That is true of everybody, not only of "neurotics." This term, by the way, is only to be justified among doctors by its convenience; it is to be

assumed that every doctor perfectly well realises that neurosis is not a lasting condition, but comes and goes; that in the course of a single day a patient will be at times neurotic and at other times not; that, generally speaking, he is more often free from neurosis than he is dominated by it, and that, on the other hand, the so-called "normal" has his neurotic periods every day of his life. In general speech this word "neurosis" ought never to be used, for it is always used as incorrectly as the word "hysteria." Even doctors should be cautious in the use of words. They are not free from the general law that where knowledge is lacking, a word is installed.

The fact that people can get a chill after staying in a draught is of course undeniable, but it is not the physical cause alone which produces the result, but the reinforcement of the physical factors by unconscious thoughts directed by the It. Every chill shows that an unconscious heat which was threatening the organism has been conquered by an overpowering physical cold.

A few more examples may be given of headaches connected with the repression of certain definite thoughts.

A lady woke up with a head-ache which lasted until she came to visit me. She went to bed quite well, without a trace of head-ache, and slept well, without dreaming. She is quite certain that the head-ache was there at the moment of waking and did not come on after she had awakened.

She could not tell me of anything at all which she did not want to think about, and to my request that she should at once name something unpleasant, whatever it might be, she replied that nothing came to her mind. She gave the same sort of answer when I asked her what she was thinking of at that moment. She wasn't thinking at all. (That is very commonly said when there is resistance, and it proves how incapable a man, any man, is of controlling his mental processes at times, for it cannot be that the mind actually is doing nothing. The heaviest resistance, the last, and the most important, is the resistance against ourselves, not against another. We only project it outside.) In order to get on with the business, I asked her to name any hour of the day. She said, "Half past-ten." "What did you do then?" She had slept. At ten o'clock she had gone to bed. Was she perfectly sure that she was already asleep? "Perhaps I was just going to sleep. And now something occurs to me; the most unpleasant thing I can think of is, when, according to my usual habit, I am reviewing the happenings of the day, I find out that I have not done something I had previously made up my mind to do. I meant to write a certain letter yesterday to a person who is very dependent on me, who is very unhappy, and whom I cannot bear. I did not write that letter, neither have I done so to-day, and when I was going to sleep last

night I reproached myself about it. It must be that, because my head-ache has gone." I did not go any deeper into her associations, for I was not treating this patient analytically, but by other methods. I will only add here that this habit of reckoning up the events of the day, however praiseworthy and blessed it may be, yet shows some inclination on the part of the It towards pharisaical judgment. The words "Judge not" apply to ourselves as well.

Another person got a head-ache while out for a walk. The only thing he remembered about the walk was that a strange fat dog ran after him and would not be driven off. He had to make up his mind to turn back and take the dog to the house where it belonged. It came out from this that he, the man with the head-ache, had had a quiet, inconclusive quarrel with his nearest friend, and that this had happened shortly before he went for his walk. His friend had wanted him to go and stay with his family, and though he did not want to do this, he had not dared to say so. During our conversation the head-ache went away. Here, too, I did not press the matter further, since I was not analysing this patient either, but I can explain how I would have carried it on. I should have asked why he had mentioned that the dog was fat. That detail was apparently not essential, and only added to give verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative, but it was really smuggled in by the

Unconscious. All those trivial details that people give when they are telling you anything, details that do not directly concern the action, really give something essential for the narrator, essential for the hearer or the reader, and essential to the narrative. One can analyse poems in this way, and with great caution one may perhaps discover something about the poet from these trifles.

In conclusion I should like to add something here about my general attitude to analysis. In the first place, I have made it my practice never to interpret anything except in my medical treatment of the sick. Naturally, I cannot prevent myself from noticing this or that mistake or what not, but I refrain from interpreting it, and I believe I am gradually getting better and better at this form of repression. I avoid interpreting even in treatment so far as I am able, and there, too, I have gradually made a routine matter of this. To me it is a mistake to interpret, though possibly other physicians find it a useful power. It does not help my patient nor my work. I know that others often give correct interpretations, either from long practice, or, what is more important, through their intuitive gifts, but just as often are their interpretations incomplete or wrong, and then they give a handle to the resistance. I try always to keep hold of the idea that the doctor is just as much an enemy to the patient, in that he threatens his will-to-disease, as he is felt to be the friend of whatever there is in the

patient which wants to get well. Moreover, if we are always giving interpretations we acquire that God-Almighty feeling which attributes infallibility to all our claims, and we mislead our patients, too, into acknowledging this very convenient infallibility. In private life my feeling is, we should cease analysing, and above all never interpret.

In the second place, I should like to emphasise the fact that I have no ambition to analyse a patient "to the end." If anybody says analysis must be pursued to the end, I think he does not know what he is saying, but that he is talking nonsense. No analyses are carried through to the end. How far an analysis is carried is by no means the doctor's affair alone; he is never the chief person in deciding. The termination of the treatment is always a breaking-off of the treatment, and the one who breaks it off is not the doctor by himself, for the patient is also active, and more often than any analyst has guessed up till now, he very consciously shares in the decision. It is not we doctors who terminate the treatment, even in other than analytic types of treatment, but the It of the patient, just as in the treatment itself it is not the doctor who is the essentially active partner, but the patient. The doctor's chief danger is Hybris.

In the third place, I would lay stress once more on the fact that analysis, in so far as my medical work is concerned, is for me only one means

out of many, and that I am only driven to analyse so much because the sort of diseases I treat force me to find out some way that has never been tried before. Often enough I do not analyse, and often enough I do it in such a way that neither the patient nor his friends know that he is being analysed at all. From this it comes about that I very often do what is called "Symptom Analysis." As a matter of fact, in my view there is no other analysis than symptom analysis, and I would go further and say there is no other treatment than treatment of symptoms. But the physician's special danger is Hybris. Without Hybris, it is true, there would be no physicians. One need not and one cannot analyse everything.

For those who are not easily satisfied, here is one more story which gives at most some little idea of how the trick can be done, though not, of course, how it necessarily must be done. A patient gets a head-ache in the afternoon. It is the birthday of her dead husband, and knowing that such anniversaries are dangerous, she has been on her guard, but that has not saved her. After a little time she gets a friend to go for a walk with her, but on the walk her head-ache gets worse, and gradually she begins to feel sick too, so she comes back home. She is sick, but the nausea does not go away. She tries to think why this should have happened, and suddenly it occurs to her that the friend had turned off from the

way they had planned, on the ground that if they went on as they had intended they would have to pass the cemetery where a funeral was going on at that very time. They then climbed up a hill, and in spite of her pretended aversion, the friend watched the funeral with her from the top of this hill. After my patient got this clear, the head-ache and the nausea alike disappeared for good. She did not say what she thought about her friend, who first behaved as though she were very highly strung and then revealed how curious she too was about death, neither did she say what sort of nauseous memories of her own mental life had been aroused by this, and I did not question her. I was, however, interested to know why the head-ache, which had come on hours before the sickness, had disappeared of itself as soon as she discovered the reason for her nausea. She was certain that the head-ache had started while she was trying to go to sleep in the room in which I was then talking to her. I asked her to name any object in this room, and she named the flowers which were on the table in front of her. They were no longer quite fresh and they smelt a little faded. I asked her why she kept them, and she told me that they still looked pretty, and no one but herself would notice anything wrong with them. She herself, however, could not stand the faintest breath of decay. They were hyacinths, and her late husband, whose birthday it was, had never

allowed hyacinths in the room, for they were used in funeral wreaths. This was then the special reason for the head-ache, the association of the smell of decay with the memory of her husband. The thought of decay was the repressed one, not the thought of death, and it had only become complicated through the cemetery experience. The improvement had really been brought about, so it seemed to me, not by the self-analysis, but by the fact that the flowers had been taken out of the room for the night. I hazard that, because years before, in quite another connection, I had noticed in this patient a complex associated with Freiligrath's poem, "The Flowers' Revenge," and on this particular day it is possible that she had been reading about the celebration of Freiligrath's centenary. However, I said nothing to the patient to let her know that I interpreted her improvement differently from herself, or that I connected it with decaying flowers. I merely remarked it to myself.

I have told this story to illustrate how easily people are inclined to attribute an improvement to analysis. At bottom, however, we know nothing of the processes that go on through analysis; we only know that it is a powerful weapon for the doctor. I should like to say a word about the death-complex also. We meet it astonishingly often, more often than even Stekel seems to admit, although I do not exactly know all that he includes in it. The story I have just told,

and I could give several others very similar to it, would make others cautious, I hope, in assessing or making up a special death-complex which is independent of Eros. The poem about the flowers' revenge tells of other things besides death, and flowers are very closely related to Eros, almost as closely as death itself. I am not at all certain that there is much wisdom to be gained by going " beyond the pleasure-principle."

IX

CLINICAL COMMUNICATIONS

3. COUGHS AND COLDS

Since the morning of September 23rd I have been bothered by a cold, accompanied as usual by a heavy cough, which is vastly more distressing to my neighbours than to myself. The one and only person whom this coughing delights is a youngster nine months old; they are the first sounds, I believe, which he has consciously sought to imitate, and I am curious to see what will come of that. Perhaps this gives me a clue to the origin of my own chronic cough, and explains how it came about that all my family had the same habit as I have of responding to disagreeable impressions by a fit of coughing. Every spring, round about the time of his birthday, my father used to have an attack of bronchial catarrh, which he would call his "spring fever." It is not impossible, at least this baby leads me to think it is not impossible, that we all, being impressed by the strength of his mighty cough, took that to be the hallmark of the father, of power and virility, and therefore copied it.

I believe that the child is keenly observant, that he keeps close watch; indeed, that he has a faculty for scrutiny which the adult has lost and can never, with all his efforts, recover in the same degree. It is only by the aid of this gift of scrutiny that the child is able to perfect those activities, imitative or independent, which must astonish anyone who once takes the trouble to consider the amazing amount of mental work a child gets through in his first three years. It is precisely here that the adult commonly exposes his deficient powers of observation, in that he altogether underestimates a young child's understanding, and it is by no means the least of Freud's services that he directed the attention of reflective people, not too much at the mercy of their own repressions, to this quality in children. As I consider the gift for observation possessed by small children, I am forced to believe that when my father had his attacks of coughing I not only felt astonishment and admiration in perceiving the sound, but also attempted to interpret the whole situation, and in particular the look on his face and the difficulty he had in getting his breath, in terms of some mental process which he wanted to express by the coughing. To a child who feels any interest at all in the phenomenon, it must very soon become clear that a coughing blast blows something away, and the look on the cougher's face suggests that what is to be blown away is something vexatious, from which

one easily passes to the conclusions that coughing signifies rage, that it is a threat, that it is meant to arouse fear. That it can arouse fear the child quickly finds out from his own experiments, for he need only have a few moderately successful bouts of coughing to make his mother deadly anxious about him.

Many years ago I came by quite a different way to the same conclusion that a cough, any sort of cough, expresses the wish either to blow off something which is regarded as unpleasant, or to get rid of something already felt to be within the organism, whether as part of itself or as a foreign body, and whether of a mental or of a physical nature. The importance of imitation in children, so well known in other connections to every doctor, indeed, to every person who is concerned with children, was first made clear to me by this baby boy. If it is really possible for some individuals, even before the completion of their first year of life, to recognise a cough as a threat which wards off danger, it is little wonder that the tendency to this form of illness, commonly attributed to a chill, sometimes resists every form of treatment, or that it is extremely difficult in certain cases of bronchial catarrh to bring its mental determinants up to the consciousness of the sufferer, since a child so young as this would probably employ its coughing as a threat against things which would very soon lose all their horror for the conscious mind as the child grew older.

How far the habitual practice of coughing, at first intended for defence, ultimately leads to anatomic and physiological modifications and disturbances is very early hidden from view and not easily discernible later on. So far no attempt has been made to inquire into such a problem. My personal feeling is that whilst one may easily underestimate these possibilities it is almost impossible to exaggerate them, but this opinion is based only on successful results in treatment, and on my belief both in the purposefulness of the It and in its power to establish the foundations of its purposes before the completion of the third year of life.

I wonder at my own delay in coming on the track of these relationships, since it is many years ago that my stepson brought them to my notice, though he himself did not realise the significance of what he told me. He shares my habit of responding to what is disagreeable by coughing, but has his own special form of cough. In the course of a conversation which had nothing at all to do with medical matters, he once told me what a terrifying effect my violent coughing had had upon him when he was a little boy. He even recalled one particular moment in which he was altogether overwhelmed by this cough ; it was when I was reading "King Lear" to my children. That occasion has remained in my own memory also, because, while I was reading the Storm-scene, in which the mad king wanders over the heath, a violent

thunder-storm broke out, and I had a struggle to make my voice heard above the noise of the thunder. That out of all the terrifying moments of the storm, of the scene on the heath, of my shouting and of my coughing, a boy of eight should choose just the coughing as a menace, is evidence that he recognised this sound as an elementary expression of anger at an earlier age even than he did the thunder. In this a great part must be played by the reddening of the face, and particularly of the eyes, since this reddening obviously does not in the first instance denote shame to the child, but threatening anger.

I have a very lively recollection of how, as a child, I both recognised and made use of the alarming effect of a cough. One evening, for some reason or other, my mother took my sister and myself to her weekly meeting. Since we very soon wearied of the gossip of the grown-ups, we were taken to the next room and told to go to sleep. I don't know how the notion came into my head that the greater the number of witnesses, the more impressive would an illness be, but anyhow, I suddenly had the idea of setting up a coughing duet with my sister, in the hope of ensuring a day's holiday from school for both of us. The plan succeeded beyond all expectation. We not only stayed away from school, but we brought our mother home earlier than she had intended. It is true we had to stop in bed all the next day, but that did not trouble us, for we

were still sleeping in the same room and sharing all our joys and sorrows with each other.

Strangely enough, I never again made use of this false coughing as a means to my ends. Even my Unconscious, so far as I can remember, never employed this form of illness during my school life or my first year at the University, but at the end of my one-year military service there started the notorious Groddeckian bark which has never since deserted me, but always gives my greeting to the morn. At times it seems that this is not enough to free me from past or present menace, and then a slight fever comes too, and gets rid of everything. With this mode of catharsis I am well content.

If I regard the cough as a terrifying threat, I get a kind of explanation for the anxiety at one time aroused in me by barking dogs, which I still feel in certain moods. I am not sure, however, that I am using the term anxiety aright here, for what I call anxiety in myself could always be easily thrown off, if I chose to do so, only I do not choose. What others describe to me as "anxiety-feeling" I do not understand, but I believe that in others, as well as in myself, there is a close connection between anxiety and idleness. To come back to the dogs and their barking, I think it probable that the anxiety in that case is much the same as with a man's coughing. The parallel, father-dog, is known to everyone, and the phrase "a barking cough," used by

medicos and laymen alike, seems at least not to contradict my supposition that the anxiety caused by the barking dog is connected with that threatening cough which even goes to the length of reddening the eyes.

And now, after this long preamble, there comes the question as to what happened on September 22nd that should make me wake up on the 23rd with a cold and a worse cough than usual. Leaving aside the cold for the time being, there must have been some unusually powerful motive for the cough, if the anger-theory is to hold good in other cases. September 22nd is the anniversary of my father's death, which for many years I have been accustomed to celebrate by some form of illness or other. In the course of my life I have known a great many people who have no sort of pleasure in the official mourning which is expected of them on memorial days, and who escape from their otherwise unavoidable duties by becoming ill, at the same time sparing themselves the shame of joining once again, in spite of their excellent resolutions, with the dead who are burying their dead. How many people have been led to abandon their anniversary celebrations for the dead, by my mockery of their conventional efforts at being honourably melancholy. Yet I myself must still be grasping at illness as a method of repression. "Physician, heal thyself" is a good maxim, but he must be a rare physician who is able to obey it, and it is

only fair that we, who enjoy the privilege of being raised above all other people, should have to bear the curse of absurdity and, so long as the world goes on, be cast for the fool on its stage.

Enough. I have not yet managed to cast off the power which tradition holds over me. And now there come to me thoughts of my youth, and I wonder whether it is only death anniversaries to which I re-act with illness. But birthdays also and wedding-days—like many other people—I celebrate in this stupid fashion. The 21st of September, for instance, is likely to bring illness for me ; it is the date of my first marriage. And still more potent is the influence of the 20th of September—that is the anniversary of my mother's death, and I have never yet met any man who, at the death of his mother, has not had the feeling, "I, her son, have murdered her." I am greatly tempted to make some comments here upon the modification of the Œdipus-complex through the symbolic identification which everybody makes, "Death and coitus are one and the same," but I will merely indicate this phenomenon and pass on to the three dates which I have mentioned. My father died after prolonged suffering, almost unbearable, for him and for his nurses alike. He was truly no easy patient, for he struggled against pain and against death with all his mighty strength. But not against me, to whom he showed his love, and that stays in my memory. Well, he died. I ought to have

kept watch that night, but I went to sleep, and when I awoke he was dead.

My mother died without regaining consciousness soon after I had been summoned from a distance to her bedside. Three weeks before she had written me a letter saying that she had heard nothing of me for six months, and asking me to write to her. I had not written, and that stays in my memory, so it seems.

In my first year of marriage I was seriously ill, and my wife nursed me. I was like my father, perhaps less raging in my anger, but the more morose, oppressive and terrifying. Yet my wife nursed me, and somewhere a voice says to me, "You have hurt her, and we should not give pain to those who have given us love."

Are there not grounds enough to cough away the thrice accursed end of September, to cough away the remorseful thoughts of a man who proclaims himself to be unprejudiced but who is the slave of prejudice, who daily has to deal with the fatal influence of family piety and yet remains a pious pretender, who gives honour in word and thought to the It and still, in essence, believes in his ego ? Certainly these are sufficient grounds, and yet they are only a fraction of all that is going on within me.

Before leaving this unrefreshing theme I should like to say a word or two about the cold. With other people the symptom may have another signification, but with me it means that my nose

wants to be free of some foulness. Two things occur to me. The first is that I have just bought some really appalling cigarettes: they stink. The second, that I have a patient to treat who, as soon as ever I go into the room, smells horrible. People with irreproachable noses assure me that she does that for no one else. If I could trust my good friends and the experts, I should gladly acknowledge that, as a result of my own hysteria and neurosis, which people who know all about these things have often attested, I have myself incurred this smell-impression so as to be able to pick a hole in the patient. But taught by fools and by children, I have been converted from my derision to a belief in psychic smell. I now know that with every disturbance of his being man produces a particular smell, produces it in a moment, and in a moment makes it disappear. I know, in spite of all learned teaching to the contrary, that man is primarily a "nose-animal," and that he only represses his acute sense of smell during childhood because life would otherwise be unbearable.

For all that, I am no nearer to the solution of my own present problem. This discussion may yet have some result, if it shows that coughs and colds are common because breathing, hearing and smelling have an early significance for the child.

X

CLINICAL COMMUNICATIONS

4. A CASE OF ECZEMA

This was the case of a patient whom I have known for very many years, and whom I have treated at various crises of her life. I had seen nothing of her for a long time when she came to me with very painful pleurisy, which cleared up in the course of the next day, because, according to my perhaps biassed opinion, we had dealt with a complex of great importance to her. She felt quite well again but she had fits of coughing now and again, bringing up phlegm which was no longer accounted for by the pleurisy, and her feeling that there was still something wrong with her decided her to remain under treatment. As I have said before, I never, if I can avoid it, decide when a treatment shall come to an end, I leave that to the patient. At the same time, I never advise anyone to go on with the treatment, nor even to begin it; he must make the decision himself. My experience has taught me that it is always a mistake to give advice. It is sometimes necessary to give an

order, but then one has to know whether one can get the order obeyed. One can now and again take the rôle of the father, whose will, right or wrong, was final for the child, but one returns as soon as possible to the rôle of the sage again, the wise man who knows the way but will do nothing beyond pointing it out: "In this way you will reach health, but it is your business, not mine, whether you take this way or not." One ought never to offer advice, it is a foolish occupation, and I am at one with an old friend of mine who used to say, "My dear, tell me how you want me to advise you and then I will do it." The only exception I make to this rule of not deciding myself on the termination of a treatment is when I feel too great a resistance in myself against a patient. Then I dismiss him at once, even if he seems to be getting a great deal of good out of my treatment.

So this patient stayed on, but we did not seem to be getting anywhere very much. One day her left eye began to itch, and on the next morning it had quite closed up with a swelling. A very unpleasant eczema of the eyelid had broken out. Two days later the other eye joined in. The cough and the mucus continued. It was a disagreeable surprise. About a year before the same thing had happened; after a great deal of trouble the eczema had disappeared on the application of hot camomile water, but had come on again shortly afterwards, and had been treated with

varying success by an oculist. Finally it had been kept under by painting it with silver nitrate, rubbing in ointment and keeping water from it. From time to time it began afresh, but this treatment quickly disposed of it. My patient accordingly now started painting it with nitrate of silver, but the eczema got worse instead of better. Since I had already tried and failed to analyse this symptom I did not interrupt my usual analysis, but went on as the patient wished. Then one day, while my wife was giving her massage, she asked the patient what she could compare herself with while she had this eczema. She said, with an oyster. I was struck with this answer, this remarkable comparison, and followed it up. The word oyster is in itself extremely unpleasant for the patient. She associated oyster, mucus, throwing-up, oyster in the vernacular. The train of ideas now quickly went on, viâ the slime of the mind and the refuse of humanity, to a crushed mass of repressed material. The next day, except for a spot or two at the corners of the eyes, the eczema had disappeared, and the coughing and throwing-up of mucus had also ceased. The analysis of the word "corner" brought to light more repressions, and on the second day every trace of the eczema had departed.

Since this case is of recent date I do not yet know whether there will be any recurrence, but the cure was so remarkable that I connect it with the analysis. In the cause of truth I must acknow-

ledge that two days before the analysis of the word oyster, I started the camomile baths and dropped the silver nitrate treatment. If anyone is unwilling to allow the credit to be given to analysis he has every right to his opinion ; even so, he may still get something out of the story, for it proves that water is not always harmful in cases of eczema, as a great many doctors still believe. But neither my patient nor I attribute her improvement to the camomile tea, and that is natural enough, for we have both had a long experience of the power of repressions.

What I thought specially remarkable in the case was the disappearance of the cough and the mucus. I am inclined to think that one might have gone on analysing by the correct Freudian method of free association for long enough before this would have come to pass; indeed, I think it never would have come at all, for the patient would never have gone through with it. And if the patient throws up the treatment, it does not help much for the analyst to fancy himself a better Freudian than the rest of us.

There is another point that seems worth making. In the analysis I was pursuing with this patient before the appearance of the eye trouble, I had already put in a good deal of work over the word "mucus," but to no purpose, yet so soon as the word "oyster" came along, then immediately we got to talking of the mucus. Certainly there is a good deal more that remains

mysterious and withdrawn in the idea, oyster; there is, for example, the closing of the shell, but the whole case for me is an illustration of Rademacher's dictum, "We ought not to speak of good doctors but of lucky ones." The successful man must have good fortune.

That when we treat any particular symptom, others apparently not connected with it also disappear, is a matter of long experience which has unfortunately not yet received the theoretical attention it deserves. A bold step in medicine often has unexpectedly favourable results even when it seems to throw all experience to the winds. I remember what a tremendous impression a certain incident made upon me in my student days. A laparotomy was performed in the children's hospital on a child suffering from ascites, because it was thought there might be an operable tumour in the abdomen, pressing on the blood vessels. When the belly was opened, however, we saw that it was a case of miliary tuberculosis. It was quickly sewn up and we waited for the child to die, but lo and behold, it got well. That was forty years ago. Nowadays, in cases of tuberculosis of the lungs, the thorax is intentionally opened, and the most beautiful explanations are forthcoming for the success of this measure. It is to be hoped that the success is also forthcoming. For the rest, it is time that the surgeons, who must know it better than any of the rest of us, brought themselves to admit

that an operation is only useful to the patient when his It allows it to be. In other words, they should try to get thoroughly clear about what is nowadays called psycho-therapy.

XI

THE IT IN SCIENCE, ART AND INDUSTRY

If my contention that man's life is not ruled by his ego, but by an Unknown Force, the It, proves useful in my medical work, we may assume that the activities of this It can be observed in other spheres of life, in industry, in science and in art. Consider the human organism, which, according to the hypothesis which I put forward, is a creation of the It, and you will certainly agree that this It carries out human crafts and industries in an astonishing measure and with perfect skill. If we take such an important business as that of the clothing industry, for instance, we shall see at the first glance that the It is a master of such activities, and, as I believe, may very well show first to the Unconscious and later to the intelligence of the inventor, how the work may best be done. In some way or other medical science must feel this too, for anatomy speaks of the *tissues* of the body, the binding-tissues, epithelial tissues, bone tissues, even if it does not explicitly acknowledge the It's capacity to weave. As a matter of fact, it is not yet possible to produce by any industrial process tissues such as

those which the It has manufactured in building up the body. The costliest silks cannot compare with the human skin, and no satin can equal the magical attraction of the bloom on the cheek of a child or the touch of living lips. We wear our clothes for the sake of protection and adornment, as well as to hide what we think is in itself ugly and shameful. But where is the tissue which can respond to changes of temperature like the skin, or which can so adapt itself to every movement and be as strong, or as charming in colour and texture, or which conceals so completely the uncleanness and smell of what is inside? Or which, when it is torn, can make its own repairs?

We need not ask: never will industry be able to produce such a fabric! . . . But I was not thinking of this when I chose my theme. I was wondering what we meant by the term "industry." Every technical activity seems to be more or less alike in the fact that it employs fire. How has that come about? A number of answers have been thought of and everyone is at liberty to think what he likes about it; the only question is whether we shall not come nearer solving the riddle if we leave logic alone and put our question to the Unconscious, for this gives us a clue. It seems that in human speech there still echo the happenings of bygone ages, long after the conscious remembrance of them has been destroyed. But the word "fire" is used in a double sense, to mean either the fire

of the hearth or the fire of human passion. Speech suggests, then, that there may be a close relationship between the warming flame by means of which man governs the world, and the flaming heart, and the idea that the control of fire was an immediate result of dark incidents in man's instinctive life, is in any case more suggestive than that it was only by accident that man discovered what is so characteristic of all human activities. There are further evidences of this in the history of language. As you know, certain primitive tribes—of course you have read about this in "Robinson Crusoe"—produce a flame by making a hole in a piece of soft wood, into which is driven a piece of hard wood bound round with tow and dried grass, and then twisting this round in the hole until the grass lights up through the heat of friction. It is a most surprising fact that they call the soft wood "woman," and the hard wood "man." Is it so hard to believe that the love-act with its lighting-up of passion gave to the Unconscious the urge toward the invention of fire-making? Fire is certainly recognised by many living creatures, but only man knows how to use it, and it is only man—so far as my knowledge goes—who carries the conflict with his greatest passion, his love for his mother, to such a pitch that he imposes an absolute prohibition on the love-act between son and mother. One is accordingly inclined to attribute much that distinguishes the work and life

of man from those of other creatures to this moral law peculiar to man, operative in all ages, and all places, which seems indeed to be the only universal absolute law. Why should we not associate the discovery of fire, then, with the conflicts of man's tormented soul?

The consideration of another industry, mining, may lead us perhaps to similar conclusions. And here, too, speech gives us some illuminating explanations. The idea that the earth is the mother of the human race is found in every language and in many turns of speech. Man seeks the depths of the body of Mother Earth, strives after them all his life long, until at length death puts him to rest in her. How absorbed the soul of man is with this likeness, which brings love, night and death, the mother's womb and the bowels of the earth into mysterious association, we may see in the prophetic reference to the mother's kingdom which we find in "Faust," that untrodden, unattainable kingdom where there is neither time nor space: everyone is thrilled by these words who hears them uttered from the stage. The miner, like Faust, is driven into the kingdom of the mother, his calling is this eternal, never-ceasing longing for the body of the mother, into whose depths the shaft leads him with unholy magic, in whose depths rest all the joy and the delight of life and all love, whose blessedness is dimly and unconsciously remembered in the idea of a lost Paradise and the hope

of a heavenly kingdom and eternal happiness, as well as in the fear of the unceasing fires of hell. In the work of mining the symbolism of the love of the son for the mother, of the man for the woman, is carried out in action, just as it is in the custom of entrusting the dead, like seed, to God's acre, the body of the mother, so that they may be born again, and we see the same thing in planting and digging in the garden, whose imaginary prototype is Paradise once more. These associations are shown so prettily and so clearly in a rather risqué story, that I am going to tell it to you in spite of its naughtiness. An actress or singer, or someone of that kind, at any rate a celebrated beauty, was invited by one of her admirers to a dinner given in her honour. To her astonishment she found all the guests were men, and then something happened which might well have confused anyone else. Her host gave a toast:

"Here's to the garden which shelters the rose-bush," he said, "the bush bearing monthly roses, the garden which joyfully encloses the gardener within itself, that gardener who plants it with seed, and subdues it. To the garden!"

Everyone was anxious to know what the beauty would do, and they all watched her closely when she got up at once after the last word and replied:

"Here's to the miner, who goes down into the deep shaft at dead of night, and works in there

and there creates, until his strength flags and he goes to sleep. Here's to his health!"

That story is certainly improper, but it reveals a mystery in a word or two.

My theme is so wide that I can only give you a few suggestions, but, if they are sufficiently stimulating, suggestions are sometimes more valuable than exhaustive explanations. And so in the sphere of science also I will merely cite one or two examples. That the creative It is unsurpassed as a scientist, a scientist in the truest sense of the word, a being who knows and achieves unheard-of things in every field, I have already said very often, and I have spoken of its medical, mathematical, chemical and physical knowledge and capacity, its juridical power, its incorruptible judgment. Who is there who could imitate what the It does in creating and guiding a man? For my purposes, however, such considerations are not sufficient. I want to get my hearers to be able to accept the view that the It guides human science, makes scientific discoveries, and then leaves them to be logically worked out and based on rational grounds by the conscious mind. It then looks as though some specially favoured ego, some genius of an ego, had helped the cause of science forward. Please do not misunderstand my meaning: for me, as for all men, it is an absolute necessity of life to pay homage to the great; without this sense of reverence one is not human. But that does not prevent me from telling

myself at times that this reverence is misplaced, that it is not individuals who deserve honour, at any rate not on the ground that their achievements are the work of their brains, but that great men are to be classed with the Universal Being and Becoming, and we should accustom ourselves to regarding a blade of grass, a sparrow, or a fungus with equal reverence. One cannot manage this for long at a time, however; man is bound to humanity in such a way that in the face of all objective reasoning he returns to his old habit of attributing human qualities to these things, to the sparrow, to the blade of grass, to the sky, to all things, tearing them out of their association with the Universal, and treating them as individualities existing for the benefit of his own personal ego. Man is in no way the creation of his environment; on the contrary, he creates his own world for himself; whatever lies outside his personality has no existence, and whatever is within it is transformed in accordance with the wishes of the It.

Let us take one of the sciences particularly noted for its objective methods of investigation and its careful reasoning, I mean astronomy. Two great systems of thought, it seems, have prevailed from early times, the so-called Ptolemaic system, which regards the earth as the centre of the universe, and the Copernican, according to which the earth is a planet revolving round the sun. I say deliberately that both theories were

accredited from early times and that both will always be current. The idea that the earth circulated round the sun was known to the ancients, and it was only by degrees that the idea of the sun going round the earth won the upper hand. The same sort of thing happens with us: we learn that the earth moves round the sun, but nevertheless we do not really believe it; it is quite impossible that we should believe it, for then we should be thrusting ourselves out of the central position to which, just because we are men, we must keep fast. With his thought man can convince himself that the earth moves round the sun, but that has no influence at all upon his nature. Everyone, including the astronomers themselves, lives in accordance with the belief that the earth, and with it, man, is the centre of the universe. So long as the human being is living within the body of the mother, his whole being is directed towards the Ptolemaic position; he is the centre of the universe, the point round which everything else moves; so soon as he is born, he lives according to the Copernican system, he has become a planet. Both systems are inevitable products of the Unconscious, both live on side by side, both are the bases of knowledge and research. The It is responsible for scientific astronomy, not the intellect. This becomes even clearer when we look into the nature of that branch of science which before all others lays claim to the name of science, viz., mathematics.

Honest mathematicians, and how can a genuine mathematician not become honest by the very nature of his work?—honest mathematicians acknowledge without any ado that their science is born of fantasy. Indeed, they understand more easily than others can do why the terms of their science are openly or secretly borrowed from the territories of Eros: they can also understand why people may become hopeless at mathematics on account of their repressions, and that it is not so very uncommon for an idiot to be able to answer mathematical questions.

But the scientific thinking of the It, all independent of the ego, reveals itself most strangely in the royal science, in Philosophy. In ancient days one understood by philosophy, world wisdom; the philosopher was he who sought to grasp the being and the becoming. To-day it is clear that the It wishes to subject the world to itself. All ancient philosophy is clearly derived from the compulsion under which the It laboured, to busy itself with its own nature and origin, the mother, perhaps also the begetter, but in modern philosophy the teaching and the philosophy of *knowledge* has become the essential point of the science, with the somewhat depressing result that at the end of it all real knowledge is found to be impossible. Whoever cares to think a little about the word "know" will soon find out that it has a double meaning, that side by side with every other knowledge

lies the knowledge of the woman. And this has a deep and a beautiful significance, this Biblical phrase; one can only feel regret that it has been lost to daily speech. For how should one learn to know woman if not in love? What knowledge is worth anything which does not arise out of love? Mankind knew that in days of old, and so do men now, although with us the knowledge survives only in the Unconscious. Our speech proves it in a manner strangely convincing to those who know how to listen to it: everywhere the root-word signifying "knowledge" is intimately related to the root-words connected with the love-life. But what is the object of this desire to know? We are that ourselves, our world. We have a double world, however; one in which we are living, and another in which we have lived; both urge us to know them, and perhaps the desire to know that lost Paradise, the mother, is even stronger than the desire to know oneself? But both of these desires, although not impossible to attain, are forbidden, so strictly forbidden that the result is the same as though they were impossible. The modern philosophy of knowledge has been forced upon us by the It, and is the result of the repression of our deepest impulses. The ancients diverted the unavoidable urge towards the kingdom of the mother into world-wisdom, into the exploration of the macrocosmos; this task has been taken over in our age by scientific research, and nothing

remains to philosophy but to yield proof that the knowing of the mother gives in to repression. Philosophy, alas, is no longer the royal science. The It does not allow it.

Few of you will hesitate to accept the statement that art stands in close relation to the It, in such immediate relation that the It makes much less use of intellectual means in this sphere than in the others. When we consider the different arts, one by one, this at once becomes obvious. Plastic work which could stand comparison with the human body, directly modelled by the It, simply does not exist. In considering plastic form we are at once struck by the strange use which the It makes of the love-life in fashioning beauty. It summons all its artistic powers for the adornment of the maturing man and woman, and it gives to its instruments who will show forth to the world what we call art, it gives to the artists in the time of love a power of creation, a passion which at other times is foreign to them. What holds good of plastic art is equally true of painting; the perfection of form and exquisite colouring which the It bestows upon living flesh and blood are beyond all compare, since these creations adapt themselves to the changing demands of life in a thousand shades of difference, and are not rigid like statues. The learned have always been impressed by the structure of the eye, the organ most important for the painter. It is said, though I cannot vouch

for the truth of this statement. that the eye is built like a photographic camera. This brings me to the thought that man's inventions, of which he is justifiably proud, are predestined imitations of the direct works of the It, that now and then the It will make use of the brain in order to create, by imitation, forms which it can produce quite easily without any activity of the brain, since the eye is designed without the help of the brain, at a time when the brain appears as yet to be incapable of functioning. Perhaps the connection with the It is not so clear in the case of architecture as with sculpture and painting, and so we are led to all kinds of fantasy-thoughts about the nature of the It and what it deems important for man. It is natural to suppose that architecture began with a dwelling place, that the first building was a house. Is it too daring, then, to think that this first house built by man was a representation of that house in which all have lived in peace for nine months, the woman's body? There are remarkable points of resemblance between the house of ancient times and the woman's sex-organs, a resemblance which also finds expression in many a turn of speech, and which leads one's attention involuntarily to the similarity of every type of building with the build of man himself. Even in architecture it is found that modern iron bridges are planned in accordance with the self-same laws of mechanics and mathe-

matics as the It has followed in constructing the skeleton. Poetry, music ? Again it is the love-time in which both arts are bestowed upon the human brain by the It, it is Eros who is the real artist, the poet and singer. Again, those who know are impressed by the fact that the structure of the inner ear, the organ essential to music, follows the same principles as those governing the construction, millions of years afterwards, of the piano, and that another part of importance to poetry and song, the throat, has some resemblance to the organ.

Some years ago I had the opportunity of talking to one of our poets, Karl Spitteler, about the processes which went on in him while he was composing. He told me that for him the real work in composition lay in damming up the impressions and ideas that crowded upon him and in suppressing them with all his might. Then he had to put what remained into order. That was his poetry. He compared it with walking in a valley where abundant streams poured down water on every side so that the wanderer was in danger of being submerged unless he took to flight, or unless like a giant he could turn the course of the foaming streams aside and give them some other place to flow in. At that time I knew nothing about Freud's theory of repression, but I cannot easily imagine a clearer presentation than that of poetic activity. Spitteler told me further about his

creative work. He said "Rhyme and Rhythm are for me a means whereby I reduce to order the flood of ideas; when I sit at my desk I write on a large sheet of paper at the right hand-side a large number of disconnected rhyming words, then the thought which is to be written out comes of itself, modelled in rhythm. I do not compose a poem—the poet is within me." One may ask what this poet may be. For me it is clear, the poet is the It. But however far one goes, what is most important always must remain a mystery.

It appears to me that one can always clearly distinguish two instruments used by the It in the composition of poetry: the child in man (for it is wrong to suppose that we ever really leave childhood behind—only a tiny part of us grows up, the rest remains child even in old age), and the love impulse. That the child is supremely gifted as a poet, every child without exception, scarcely needs saying, since every sort of artistic talent seems to be at the disposal of the child, although through some inward necessity they are in the course of time repressed. And that love also takes a part, only he will deny who sees in Eros nothing but the fever of desire. And even he cannot refuse to admit that his Eros, the ardent Eros, is a mighty poet able to transform a nobody into a princess.

I need not stay long over music: its dependence upon the instinctive life, upon love and the

woes of lovers, is too well known. And the one phrase. "Ich liebe dich" (I love thee), holds every modulation that human music can express. But of one other matter I must tell you, although it takes us a little away from the subject of the human It. The music of the animal world, the song of birds, is closely bound up with the love life, with the nest-building, the mating, and the offspring. It is the same with man. From nest-building it is no far cry to architecture, and, disregarding the human dwelling, we may turn our attention to the house of God, and in particular to our churches. Speaking generally, one may say that the essential parts of a church are the house itself and the tower: but the tower is an age-old symbol of the man, just as the house is the symbol of the woman, and in accordance with this symbolism the church-building represents the union of man and woman, an idea which seems to me to fit very well with the conception of the church as the bride of Christ, as also with that other that the church is the universal mother in whose bosom all men rest. Some church buildings follow the pattern of the Jewish Temple, in which there was the forecourt, then the Holy Place, separated by a curtain from the Holy of Holies, in which only the High Priest might enter and where dwelt the Godhead. The resemblance between this and the mother's body can scarcely be mistaken; it is seen also in ancient and in Indian temples, if I am correctly informed.

According to this the child would be the God, at least symbolically.

The bird builds its nest when the love-time comes; in its own fashion it prepares a house for its young. For the human child a dwelling is prepared within the mother's body, certainly not planned by the conscious intelligence, but by powers outside our ken which we may sum up in the title "The It." Is the process any different in painting? Whoever has observed the bullfinch paint its breast red in spring time, or the fish weave its wedding garment in shimmering hues, whoever has considered the butterfly, or the artistic line and harmony of colour with which a plant will adorn its blossoms, such a one will not think it absurd to deem Eros the greatest of all artists, and if he once plays with the idea that there is after all no great difference between painting on a canvas, on a feather or on a petal, he will without help easily reach the conclusion that the brain and the intellect have little to do with art: he will give to the brain what belongs to the brain—and the brain often seems to have nothing to do with the conscious mind, but to do unconscious work, much of it work that cannot become conscious, work connected with the so-called vegetative processes in the organism, sometimes even fulfilling the wearisome task of repression—and he will render to the It what belongs to the It, and that is everything, everything, even the brain too, and its activity.

What does man paint? Only what his nature allows him to, what his eyes see or his inner being pays attention to. He always paints, he cannot paint anything else than what has become human, what is the property of his It, what belongs to him. The painted landscape is not the representation of the outside world, it is the landscape which his It has formed. Whoever examines paintings of landscapes, of animals or of still life with attention—not from the standpoint of æsthetics, but naïvely with the eye of a child—will see in every picture that passion which impels us in everything we do or think to show our interest in mankind, in his hidden, or repressed, or open, or unconscious impulses; and for him at times, if he does not want to be too grown-up but is content to be harmless and natural like the savage or the child, the picture will ever be a revelation that man has only two ways of getting experience, love and hate, and that these are one and the same thing.

For centuries these things have lain open to the light. For centuries man has tirelessly painted the mystery of the mother and the child, and that he does so no longer is well explained, or finds at least an analogy, in the changed attitude of the modern world towards women, mother and child, and in the repression of naïveté in favour of the vain wish to be grown up, intellectual, useful, social. Even that is part of the universal plan, even that is inevitable, even that will in time be

again repressed, perhaps sooner than we guess. The yearning for significance is world-wide, but it is only the child who finds significance in things, above all that one significant thing in which so much joy is found, religion.

Is there time to say one word about sculpture? A year ago I saw once again the Pieta of Michelangelo in St. Peter's at Rome, a remarkable work, a young mother with her dead son lying in her lap, and the son was as old as the mother. No one who had not been told the story would take the dead man for her son; to the uninstructed he must be her lover. It matters nothing to me whether the sculptor knew that he embodied in the stone, for centuries to come, the secret of mother-love: what does matter is that he has created a lasting monument of what Freud teaches us, that only death can restore the son to his mother's bosom, in art as in the grave, and even death cannot annul the human commandment which separates mother and son, for it is only with averted face and body, only lying on his back, that the son may rejoice in death on the body of his mother.

XI

THE IT AND THE GOSPELS

If the It by its own power builds up art and industry according to laws unknown and for the most part unknowable, so also must religion be its creation, be human in its nature, without part or lot in what is not human.

So far as religion is concerned we need only consider the Christian Gospel. It is the fashion now to act as though the Gospels were no longer the foundation of our daily life; some people trust to having all the knowledge and power they need, and try to persuade themselves and others that they can get on without a deity. Such people little imagine that they are thereby advertising their own fundamental insincerity, due to their repressions, for mankind is imbued with a belief in causation, and must always hold fast to faith in the Unknowable, no matter how much individuals may desire the capacity for atheism. Others again prefer to give tidings of a new salvation from the East, and want to send us to the teachings of Hindus or Chinese. It may be, yes, it most certainly *is* true that salvation is not limited to Christianity alone;

every man is saved after his own fashion, every man must take the path to which he is driven, often unwittingly, by what is deepest in his nature. Since all religion is of human creation and only exists by virtue of our humanity, every religion must accord with the nature of whoever holds it. But that the European whose nature has for a thousand years been suffused with the Figure and the Gospels of Christ, that he feels any necessity to tear out of his heart what accords so perfectly with his manhood, with his deepest being, in order to set something in His place which is essentially foreign to him and which has not the remotest connection with his childhood's memories, that I personally do not believe. Certainly the new generation may be further away from the myth of the Saviour than our own, but they are as yet very far from understanding the particular nature of the Asiatic, and until the process of self-destruction which Europe is so madly pursuing has gone farther yet, it will not be understood by our race. And even then it will not be possible to repress the Christ who is in them. Again and again Christ names Himself the Son of Man, and whoever reads the Gospels can easily understand why He does so, and will gladly name Him by the title He chose for Himself.

There has been much effort during recent years to discover whether Christ really lived, whether His existence can be historically verified. If

one may rely on the newspapers, it seems that some sort of proof has at last been found. Up till now the difficulty has been that Josephus, who records the events of that time, says nothing about the emergence of Jesus, but now a work by Josephus is said to have been discovered in which Jesus is mentioned and described. For me it is quite immaterial whether there was a Jesus or not: the important character is not Jesus but Christ, and Christ is not historically but humanly true. He stands above the research of historians. He is no creature of reality as we consider reality, He is the Truth, which is something quite different. "Before Abraham was, I am," He said of Himself. If we put this together with the expression "The Son of Man" we understand that He takes Himself as essentially Man. The point is then that He is Man, that He is with us, or as it must be translated, *in* us, until the end of the world—in short, that Christ is contained in everyone of us, and further, that every man is and must himself be Christ.

Christ has the imperishable human qualities; like man, He is neither good nor evil, He is beyond evil and good, human. And next to Him are two men who, if not in the same measure, are yet sufficiently representative of humanity to excite the greatest interest among all who know their Bible, Judas and Peter. Both these characters are most carefully described in the Gospels, both have at all times attracted great

attention. The reason for this is that just as Christ lives again in every man, so also do Judas and Peter. In one sense Christ and Judas are in opposition, they represent the extreme limits of human nature, the extreme right and the extreme left, yet both are within the common nature of every human being; both the Saviour and the Betrayer of the Saviour are in man. Between the two stands the figure of Peter, the man who is ever faithful in words but unfaithful in deeds, a real presentment of the human type, and it is not a mere matter of chance that the legendary pictures so often give him a comic character which is shared by none of the other disciples. The Son of Man, and the one who hates and betrays humanity, and the one who denies humanity because his faith in it is too weak, and because he wishes to be something more than man, to be superman, a good man—they are all in ourselves.

Christ does not wish to be good. He does not recognise the notion of "good." "Why callest thou me good?" He says. "There is none good save God." It is by a strange irony of fate that Christ has been chosen to support a system of morality. He puts morality on the same footing as the State. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"—give to morality what is its due, but do not think that your strivings to be good according to human standards will win for you an inheritance in the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Who has ever yet seen a little child to whom the word "good" could be applied? A child is a child, neither good nor evil, but just a child, and no one requires a child to be anything more than childlike. So also is no more required from the man than that he shall recognise his own childish nature, shall always remember that no kind of life has any value except the childlike.

We can easily understand how human society, which cannot exist without system, should regard this system which has taken centuries to establish, as sacred and inviolable, and that in order to confer absolute value on what it calls moral it should call in the aid of the dominant religion. It was very difficult for me, however, to see how through centuries wise and excellent men could, in pursuit of their calling, occupy themselves earnestly with the teaching of Christ without realising that morality in the usual sense had nothing in the very least to do with Him. A work, hitherto little known, by a doctor who lived in the nineteenth century, Rademacher by name, has given me some help. For his whole life long Rademacher waged lively warfare with the doctrines approved by the medical faculty at that time. He went his own way, which, strange as it may seem to us now, was yet accounted the right one by himself and by his numerous followers; perhaps they all had a childlike confidence in it. He was

so stupid and childlike as to seek to justify his actions by endeavouring to prove that medicine had gone and was still going the wrong way. He came to the conclusion that to occupy oneself with academic science must inevitably interfere with one's understanding of simple relationships, a view which has considerable justification: one cannot see the wood for the trees all round one, one cannot see it if one is in the middle of it. In order to make this view acceptable to himself and to others, he examined the sciences individually, to see if he could find evidence of misunderstanding caused by over-teaching. In the case of theology he pointed out that Christ spoke to quite ignorant people, fishers and tax-gatherers and so on, people who could only comprehend the very simplest and clearest teaching. Somehow or other theology had so transmogrified this simple teaching that it now required prolonged study to discover what was intended by this or that. Intended? What was intended was what was said, and this was said in a childlike way so that it might be understood by childlike folks. Rademacher's book taught me that one must put out of one's mind everything that has been taught about the Gospels, if one hopes to understand anything of their message.

Christ has nothing at all to do with morality. "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Love is not a matter of morality; what is meant is child-like love, and

it is to children we must go if we would make that "Agape" part of our own nature. But what have children to do with morality? They are governed solely by attraction and repulsion, and the expression of their morality is in unconditional trust or unconditional mistrust, both of which are given or received by them quite independently of any conscious, intellectual judgment, both granted or withdrawn for reasons remote from any judgment of good or evil. The child shows something of that true righteousness which allows the sun to shine upon the unjust as well as the just, and the rain to fall on good and bad alike. And "unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

One could hardly understand how the Son of Man, whose whole being was one protest against self-justification by righteousness, came to be chosen as the Teacher of our superficial morality, were it not so opportune for social laws to be fortified with the support of superficial religion. One came to Christ and asked Him, "Master, what must I do to be saved?" He answered, "Keep the commandments," and when the questioner replied, pointing out that that he had done from his youth up, those words of irony were spoken by the Son of Man, "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." And they both, the young man and Christ Himself, were filled with sadness.

All childlike people, like children themselves, have the gift of irony. This is not mockery, it has not the remotest connection with mockery. It is the gift of being able, more often and more freely than other people, to see at the same time many sides of life. Such childlike people are, in the language of psycho-analysis, ambivalent towards things. For them there is nothing holy nor unholy, everything is holy, everything unholy—the words "holy" and "unholy" give no criterion, they are meaningless. Judge not!

"Ye have heard, Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, Whoso looketh at a woman to desire her, the same hath committed adultery." Was it meant seriously? Certainly, though in an unexpected sense. "Why do you babble about the keeping of commandments?" it means. "They are impossible to keep, and so your striving to live in accordance with their rules cannot save you. You will be saved if you become as little children, if you observe the new commandment that you love one another. There never was a man, as long as the world has lasted, who did not look at a woman to desire her; that is human life, that there are two sexes, man's life from childhood on rests on his looking at another, to desire and win her for himself. The child does that, so do the man and the woman, so also even the greybeard on the verge of the grave. To feel pleasure and displeasure is human destiny, it is the foundation of all that

is human. How can you wish to keep the commandments if it is your destiny, your nature, to commit adultery in your heart ? You Pharisees and hypocrites. You are like whited sepulchres. And not you alone ; mankind is a whited sepulchre, a sack of worms" (a term used for the human body), " who carries corruption within him and yet ever forgets how dirt is piled up inside, or what is *called* ' dirt,' a hypocrite who stands in the temple of life and boasts ' I am not as that man, I thank Thee God that I am not as that man.' " Only now and then for a few moments is man, because of his human nature, permitted to beat his breast in honesty and to cry " God be merciful to me a sinner." This is only rarely allowed to him, since everything would go to pieces if man were always doubting himself, if he had not that proud, pharisaical feeling of the ego. For this is how it is ; we believe and we must hold to it that we can merit blame or praise, notwithstanding the catechism with its reminder, " Not all my worth and all my pride." We do not get free of the ego ; we may not. Even Christ did not, who, in spite of His rebuking, " No one is good save God," yet uttered the words " I am the Truth and the Light." But,—He sometimes says,—His ego is one with the Father ; His ego, like that of every man and every being, is eternal. " Before Abraham was, I am." That is all simple, only it must be listened to with simplicity, paying no heed to the

morality of the grown-ups, as a child would listen.

The Gospel teaches—though in its wisdom theological research has recently ruled this out as untrue—that a woman taken in adultery was brought before Christ, and that her captors asked Him what should be done with her. He, who had apparently in all earnestness condemned desire, did not trouble about His questioners, their question seemed so silly. He wrote in the sand, and when they pressed round Him, He gave that answer which so strangely contradicted His stern teaching, "Who is without sin amongst you, let him cast the first stone." Then they all went away, from the oldest to the youngest, and Christ said to the adulteress, "They have not condemned thee, neither do I condemn thee." Judge not.

"Ye judge after the flesh," says Christ, "I do not judge." And in another place, "I am come not to judge the world but to save it." And yet he curses the fig-tree, and cries woe upon Jerusalem. And in passionate anger He rates the scribes and Pharisees, calling them a generation of vipers. And speaks of the unforgivable sin against the Holy Ghost. But why indeed should we not find contradictions in His nature, since He is the Son of Man? Ought He, as Man, to feel no passion? Ought He, as God, to be humanly righteous and humanly sinless? God allows the sun to rise upon the unjust as well as upon the

just: it is absurd to attribute to Him our human measure of right and wrong; to do that is to arrogate the right to reprove as a God and think oneself above mankind. "Is God not then all-powerful?" scornfully asks one who is certainly not in the ranks of evil. "Or is He Himself responsible for unrighteousness?" Certainly, He is responsible; the only question is whether anything *is* unrighteous, or whether we simply call it unrighteous because it is outside our power to conceive that the world is not run in accordance with our human thought, our sense of right, and our morality, to serve the purpose of mankind, and in particular our own individual purpose, for we only become righteous in dealing with others when we are concerned with attributing unrighteousness to someone else. That is how things are, and it is good that they are so. We must be human, and man lives only for himself, for his own good; it is the Universal, it is God Who takes care for the good of others. It is quite impossible for us to do that. Or is God not all-powerful?

Christ said of Himself that He was come to save the world; He pointed out the way by which man can save himself. He is himself the way, for man is Christ, Christ is in him, is the Son of Man, and the Father and the Son are one and the same. And man must become as a little child; then will he gain the Kingdom of Heaven, which is not somewhere beyond, but is here and now;

not outside, but within mankind. Christ did not say of Himself that He was without sin; He most sharply repudiated the salutation "Good master." How came men to speak of Him as sinless? Is, then, the child sinless? He is just as cruel as he is loving: he lies just as naturally as he tells the truth; he steals and commits adultery, is dirty and shameless, selfish and capricious, and loves one day what he hates the next. The child certainly is not without sin, as man interprets the word sin. What right have we to say that Christ was without sin? He is neither sinful nor sinless. He is the Son of Man, one with the Father; He is in man, He is Himself man, and everything that makes up man is in Him too. "Behold the lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world," said John the Baptist. Does He only bear the sins of others? Is He ignorant in His heart of what sin is, because He never sinned?

If only one of those wise people amongst us would tell us what sin is! We are always told that our own consciousness will tell us clearly enough what sin is, when we are sinning. That is very convenient, but very superficial, talk. Convenient, because we can, on the strength of this dogma, for example, fall ill without feeling it wrong, because we can do hundreds of things that other people with consciences differently organised cannot do, because we can blame others while preserving our own rectitude by the aid of our repressions. Superficial, because the tiniest effort of reflection

will show us that conscience changes with the centuries, that it is different in time of war from what it is in times of peace, that in our boyhood we suffer pangs of conscience on account of deeds which later on we consider not merely innocent but even obligatory, and that on the other hand in boyhood we act in a manner that as grown-ups we should blush at. If conscience is to be the judge of what is guilt and sin, then conscience must be trained by man for its work, since Nature has omitted to do it. But then we should ourselves require to know how to direct conscience, and that we certainly do not know. We do not know precisely what is universally regarded as sin. A Russian priest once told me that the Russian mystic recognises only one sin, a bad mood, melancholy. That is at least a useful rule of life, for when we are depressed we shall find that it helps us to hold ourselves responsible for our condition, and not fate, or other people. "Don't blame me, blame yourself, and if I am to blame, make yourself better," is a good maxim, for then it becomes a sin to repress the knowledge of our faults, and that is good. But man cannot always be serene, and bad moods are necessary since they too work at the loom which weaves the Garment of God. And as for our question whether it is permissible to call Christ sinless, by this criterion we must judge that He was not, since He was often sorrowful.

Is sin then merely a changeable idea, and will

our sins of to-day be to-morrow accounted virtues? No man can tell us that, no man can answer always even for himself. But if morality, as expressed in the commandments, distinguishes between good and evil, between sin and innocence, tell me where to find the man who has not done murder, at least in his heart, who has not slandered, at least in thought, who has not blasphemed God, at least in secret. Or are not discontent, complaint and fretfulness a reproach to the justice which gives sunshine and rain to the evil and the good alike? "No one is good save God alone." That is the answer. No one, not even the Son of Man. He knew mankind, and so far as is allowed to mankind, He knew Himself.

Judge not! Not even yourself. That is the commandment. Judge not yourself, for you know not what you do. All things work together for good, that you must have faith in, and if you have only so much faith as a grain of sand, you will be able to say to the mountain, "Fall into the sea," and it will fall. Christ did not come to judge; in His presence sin disappears if faith is there. Faith in oneself, for everything is contained in that; faith in the It, which is not separate and independent, but part of the Universal; which is quite other than what we think of as the ego, and which uses the ego as its instrument and its plaything. The Son of Man stands apart from all morality and all scruples; He believes in Himself and in God.

But not always. His faith wavers like that of every man, for man is not a unity and always the same ; he is double, manifold, and to be able always to hold fast to his faith he would need to be other than humanly organised. On the Cross—Nietzsche has brought this before our notice—His faith deserted Him, and the words broke from His lips, " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? " And that is not the only time. Christ prayed. Now prayer from Him Who was one with the Father—" The Father and I are one "—is merely the attempt to repress his own doubt. " Your Father knows your needs before ye pray." And that sorrowful prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane closes with the words, " Thy will, not mine, be done." He was the Son of Man, and why should He have been raised above doubt ?

Christ stands beyond morality. He pays no heed to sin, He contends that no man can attain anything by desiring to be good. " Who among you by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature ? " He pays no heed to sin ; it is not there if the belief is there that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, and that we are God's children, parts of the Whole, who follow only the will of the Whole and can do none other. Life is a question of faith in God and in our oneness with God. When He is hanging on the Cross between the thieves, to the one who believes He speaks the words, " To-day shalt thou be with

me in Paradise." That one moment of self-knowledge and of insight into what is human and what divine, is sufficient to obliterate all the sins of the malefactor. What significance is there in sin if it is inseparably bound to human nature, if it is inevitable, since no one is able to keep the commandments, and we all are, and by our nature must be, murderers, liars and robbers? From realising that it must be so, we come for once in our lives, even if it be in the hour of crucifixion, to acknowledge that whatever happens was intended to happen and must happen, we can alter nothing, and the attempt to alter it, though that too is part and parcel of our destiny, gives us no ground for attributing merit to ourselves. It is enough to bring us to the Kingdom of Heaven that now and then, as the mist of our egoistic feeling clears away a little, we are able to smite our breast and say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." To be good, to improve ourselves by our own resolve, is denied us, is out of our power, since we have no knowledge at all as to what God calls good or evil, because at the most we can only see that both ideas are human, not divine, off-shoots of the ego, not true children of the It. For to the It there is no more sin than there is to the unborn child.

Is it permissible to examine the life and teaching of Christ in the light of our morality? I have already mentioned the cursing of the fig-tree; how are we to find a moral interpretation of that?

And the statement that He has come into the world not to bring peace but to bring the sword? When did He ever work as a useful member of the social order which we prize as highly as our best possession? Do we forget that He thrust aside the family bond, the foundation of our morality, with the contemptuous, "This is my mother and these my brothers." He did not mind that brother should strive against brother, son against father, child against mother. He knew, indeed, that so it was and so it ever would be, that the It recognises no family, but only itself—and God, in so far as He is manifest in itself.

Those stern, majestic words, "Let the dead bury their dead," which, if they could be heard and followed, would end so much falsehood and grief, were spoken with full intention against family piety. In us, in us alone, is everything contained, man is self-sufficing; so soon as he realises himself as an independent being, the nearest person to himself is the most distant, the most distant is the nearest, the greatest is the least and the least the greatest; and only he who loses himself will find himself, away from his ego, in God the Father Who is one with the Son of Man, in the It.

If it is a sin to induce men to murder, then Christ is not without sin. He knew that murder would be done if He stayed in Jerusalem. What think you, is such self-murder a sin when it is

brought about by others who know not what they do? Or does the end justify the means? Or is it a sin in all other men but not in the Son of Man? Is there any other man who would take it upon himself as innocently and frankly as did the Son of Man, to make use of ignorant men in committing the crime of self-murder? How is it possible? "Thy faith hath helped thee," so is it possible. The only question is, what is it that man is to have faith in? That is a hard question, which our creeds have made well nigh unanswerable. Perhaps the main thing is not that we should believe something, but that we should just have faith, should keep the attitude of mind of faith, should have confidence in what we hope for, and not doubt everything we cannot see; that would be the condition of the unborn child. "Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Strange things are related in the Gospel. The strangest of all is the story of the betrayal of Judas. Judas has always exercised men's fancies. They have not been content to ascribe to him the motives given in the Bible, and many a poet has wrestled with the problem of this betrayal, many a one still writes of him. But no solution will be found, since it is not within the power of any writer to give the story again as simply as the Gospels gave it to us, accounting him as guilty, yet telling us that to be the betrayer

was his destiny, and that it was from Christ Himself there came the last decisive impetus to carry out his treachery. Christ knows that He will be betrayed, He knows, too, who will betray Him, and yet He lets the poor wretch become guilty, and even urges him on to the deed with the words, "What thou doest, do quickly." Judas is not guilty, or, if he is, then Christ must share his guilt. But Christ is beyond morality; God makes the sun shine on the just and on the unjust, and it is written "Judge not." With the child there is no question of guilt; for him faith is the decisive factor. What the child has faith in, that he loves; whom he trusts is his God. But the child trusts in his It, and with good reason, since his It brought him into the world.

It is not the mother who brings a child into the world, it is the child himself. And because Christ knows that, the Son of Man to whom nothing that is human is alien, He looses the bond which binds man to his mother, and—perhaps—that may be the way to save mankind.

Man stands between past and future, in the present. If it were possible to live for the present—but it is only the child who can do that to any extent, and the younger he is the better he can do it—if that were possible, then we could be as little children and the Kingdom of Heaven would be within us. The future? "Take no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil

thereof." That is not impossibly difficult, at least it is not if we are content to obey the command as partially as Christ Himself did, for He was not innocent of care for the morrow; He suffered in anticipation of His coming death.

But anxiety about money and about possessions, what we shall eat and wherewithal we shall be clothed, this we can keep far from us if only we realise that it is merely a pretext, a result of our repressions; for in truth we *have* no anxiety about our lack of means or food—not even the hungry and ill-clad are really anxious about that. Nature is pitiful and conjures up visions of feasts for the hungry, or blunts his sensibility to pain. Behind the anxiety as to food and clothing there lies the sense of guilt, which in this way hides itself from consciousness. Whoever makes a practice of analysing his own anxieties finds over and over again that, some little time before they manifest themselves, he has felt guilty, displeased with himself, a feeling of helplessness has been within him, due to a lack of faith in himself, in God, in the It and in the Universal. And even our day-dreams of the future can teach us, if the It permits them, and I am inclined to think that one can learn to interpret them, with help from the study of the unconscious. Whoever has watched a few times the emergence and development of fantasies, both grave and gay, knows that these plans for the future are of the nature of fantasy, however reasonable they may appear,

that they are never anything else than wish-fulfilments, but that one cannot bring about the fulfilment of these wishes if one does not know them thoroughly. It is worth while to make sure what is the wish behind the fantasy, and sometimes, though that is by no means altogether easy, one gets the chance of laughing at oneself, and I, for one, know of nothing finer than to be able to laugh at oneself.

With the future one can come off without making too many mistakes, but with the past, that is a different matter. The past is the mother of the present, our past character is always close on our heels, trying always to direct us, is never tired of telling us, "I know my child, I know that he will do this and not do that." In analysis we have the term "mother-imago." By that we mean that in early childhood we make a mental picture of our actual mother, and cling to this, however untrue it may be, though we may change it slightly in deference to fact, as time goes on, but this is counter to our feelings and so only partially succeeds. Our work teaches us that this image persists in astonishing fashion throughout our life. Now we may well regard the past in its entirety as the mother, and then the "mother-imago" is the picture that we may have of ourselves, after which, be it pleasing or ugly, we are for ever striving. That is our mother-imago, our inevitable destiny. The past stands always in the path of the present,

compelling us to look upon the present with the eyes of the past, instead of with its own, to see through the spectacles which, as the mother, it chooses to place before our eyes. And yet it is necessary, if we are to live in the present, that we should leave behind the time that is dead and gone, and repudiate the past. Christ is a man of the present, that is what He wishes to be. Only rarely does He speak or think of His past, and when He does, as in the lamentation over Jerusalem, it is in an outbreak of melancholy, a flight from the present. By what means did He succeed in freeing Himself ?

I can give no answer to that, I only know the fact that for Him the past was dead and that He would leave the dead to bury their dead, that for Him God was not the God of the dead but of the living, that He tried to free His disciples from their past, that He sought to become as a little child, who was not, but is, that He had no place wherein to lay His head. And one may read into these words, if one wishes, that He avoided the place where man loves best to lay his head, the mother.

Indeed, it is remarkable, Christ's attitude to His mother. While still young—twelve years old—He escapes from His parents and leaves them in anxiety for three days, and then as His mother gently chides Him, He dismisses her with the sharp words so shocking to our regard for family piety, " Wist ye not that I must be about my

Father's business ? " That is the only answer He gave, no word of apology, of sympathy for the mother's anxiety, only the hidden, but to her intelligible, reference that He did not belong to her, a reminder in the presence of Joseph, in words which a mother could scarcely let pass without resentment, a repudiation to be repeated several times later in yet sterner tones, from that " Woman, what have I to do with thee ? " to the public repulse, " This is my mother," and the terrible words with which He said farewell to Mary as He felt the approach of death, " Woman, behold thy son." Who has ever heard such strange words from a dying son to his sorrowing mother ? John took the words, " Son, behold thy mother," to be an injunction to take care of Mary, and he took her into his home. But why should Christ, who scorned all care for the morrow and did not attempt to work either for Himself or His mother, why should He in the hour of death suddenly feel anxiety about the poverty which threatened His mother, or anxiety lest she should feel lonely when He was no longer there ? He had left her long before. What he meant was that no bond existed between mother and son, that it mattered nothing whether she thought of this man or of that as her son. We can only gain from stories what we ourselves are thinking, and since it is my conviction that any other person, be it father, friend, brother, mother, or wife, always remains another person to us, and

is only ours so far as we give them new birth in ourselves, as we make for ourselves a picture of them ; as it is my conviction that these pictures try to suppress the child in us, and that we can only be free if we learn to recognise their real picture-nature, and to realise that they are works of our It, so for me Christ's leave-taking from the Cross is His assertion of Himself, the last step on the way to childhood. The past exists for Him no longer. Christ gives up His past, and loses Himself in order that He may find Himself. For now He commends His spirit into His Father's hands. Into His Father's hands, and He and the Father are one.

It is not seldom—perhaps it is always so—that in death, at the moment when he loses himself, man finds himself. It is hard to believe, and perhaps not in man's power to believe. He can have faith perhaps in father and mother, in wife and child, in good and evil, in God and nature, in all that is outside them, but that is not faith. The only faith is belief in oneself, and this is just the faith that no man can feel. Otherwise he would overturn the mountains. And he would be able to love, not just this one nor that, nor the other, but everybody and everything. The Son of Man only loves if he loses himself. That is His nature, that is his destiny.

The Son of Man may not deny his past, he is the child of his own past, and when he denies this childish obligation he loses himself, he dies. The

Universal does not suffer man to win free of his past, for that means death. Christ died upon the cross, death seized Him from behind, from what stood behind Him, from His past. It seized Him in the form of love, in the shape of a man of wood, with arms outspread, in the attitude of love; but this love was dead, and though indeed it bore the form of love, it could never embrace the beloved with its arms: the cross is dead. Christ dies on this false image of love, but He was loosed from the cross and rose again from the dead, able to stretch out those arms freely which, because they wished to love, had been nailed to the dead thing so that they could not embrace, but now can draw the whole world into His embrace. The cross stands stiffly in that false attitude of love. Only he who overcomes his past is able to believe, and when he is able to believe, then he cannot help but love.

The cross. The German uses the word "cross-bone," and that same bone is called in Latin, *os sacrum*, the sacred bone. It is at this bone that the pains of delivery start. The cross, the sacred love, is the mother; upon her dies the son. That is a law to mankind, the son shall not love his mother as man loves woman. Mother and son; that is for a time the closest of all love-relations, for the son lives in the mother. But human life separates them from each other, separates them more widely than any other two human beings can be separated. The Son of Man is

joined to the cross, to the mother, only to die. And he is nailed, truly with outspread, loving arms, to those other arms outspread and apparently loving, to the mother-symbol, but as though this were not yet enough, he is crucified with his back turned to his mother.

And after that he is born again.

VIII

A SERMON FOR CHRISTMAS

To-day I will ask you to come with me into story-land, to take yourselves back to the time when a new world opened for you with the words, "Once upon a time," when a stick could be a sword, and the trees and the bushes giants you had to fight, when the white clouds in the sky were icebergs, and pebbles were your merchandise. An old rain-tub full of stagnant water was the great ocean on which fleets of ships sailed forth to discover new continents, only to be wrecked in a tempest or cast on some desolate isle.

How childish it all seems to you now! And yet, when were you ever again so mighty? Did your mind ever again compass the whole world? Have you ever more been able with omnipotent majesty to create a world of your own, or a heaven with angels and spirits at your service? When you raised your hand, chariots and horses appeared from the deep; at a glance from your eye the day became night; thunder, lightning and winds obeyed your word. Were you not at the same time mother and father and cook and

doctor and aunt, according to your childish will? You made your dolls get ill, they died because you wished it so, they were buried at your behest, and when your mood changed, behold they were alive again. You were lord over life and death. When were you ever so mighty as then?

And was it really so childish, what you did? Are you wiser now that you have known care, and have learnt to ask, "What shall I eat and drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" You can do sums now, and you know that the earth is a mighty globe which circles round the sun; you found out long ago that you were no hero, and that a woman suffers pain in giving birth to a child. But are you the wiser for all this, and are you right in calling that childish which now you are only able to achieve in moments of greatness? Make no mistake over this—in hours of exaltation, of devotion, of joy, you turn into a child once more, you think as a child, and the child's infinite power of creativeness stirs within you.

When you were first in love, you endowed your lady with every form of beauty, and she became for you the emblem of perfection. Her skin was finer and more transparent than that of any princess, and the touch of her lips was more enticing for you than fragrant wine. And you vowed—childishly enough—to love her for evermore, through all the world, for you were lord

of space and time. Are you the wiser for knowing that your lady smiled because it was too silly to be serious about it, that her skin was much as others, and that other lips could kiss even more sweetly than those of your only, everlasting, incomparable beloved?

But when among the many whom you thought you loved, and whom you allowed to love you, you wooed and married one, did you not make your future together into a heaven, just like a child? The world changed before your eyes, you yourself became a different person, work was easy and your rapid success made your heart beat. And so childlike were your hopes, your thoughts and deeds grew arrogant, you feared naught, and you scorned time and space, life and death. Have you grown wiser now that you have learnt to recognise that even your wife is not always a goddess, that even she could not make of you something which you were not, that serpents were to be found even in the paradise of marriage, and that you both remained much the same miserable sinners that you were?

Once you stood beside your wife and watched her smile to show the baby to his father—were they not childish, the hopes for the newborn child that pulsed through your heart as you held that tender burden so carefully in your arms? A portion of that power with which you once—childishly enough—turned stones into bread and water into wine, came back to you again in that

moment, so that you commanded the future, and saw the hero in that tiny, scarcely-breathing infant, the hero who was to solve everything and to achieve everything which you could not solve or achieve, and was to attain the mountain-peak where you had sunk exhausted in the valley? However childish that was, you were at that moment greater, you accomplished more by the magic of the sudden creative power of childish hope, than in the rest of life.

Why then do we smile at the childish play which makes men out of dolls, and turns three or four playfellows into a troop of glittering hussars? Why do we do it, since we see that our finest deeds spring from the same childish impulse, that our deepest thought and feeling arise from that same power? Could we not, by obeying that impulse, succeed, if only for a moment or two, in overcoming cares and poverty, in conquering, if only for a moment or two, both life and death, and harder still, ourselves? So that we might hail each shining morn, with all our cares turned to joy, our work into blessing, and one alone could make our world, and death would itself come to life?

Once upon a time a certain man went about through towns and villages in every land, and sought many days and many nights for happiness and found it not. And he had pondered long and asked of all the wise men if they knew where the water of life was to be found, and where the philosophers' stone lay hidden. And so at

last, vexed and disappointed, he threw himself down exhausted under a tree that grew by the wayside, closed his eyes and tried to forget his troubles. Now the tree under which he lay was an apple tree, full of ripe apples, and they were all giggling together over this tired man who had sought far and wide for the philosophers' stone, and who now, full of vexation, lay resting in the shade; and one to the other whispered how they might tease him by falling down, one at a time, right on his upturned face. But while the gaily-coloured apples were talking over this plan and choosing the one which should fall first, the man below lifted up his eyes, saw the fruit falling, and with his right hand warded it off. And as he saw it fall and seized it and cast it to one side, so that it should not drop on his face, there came a rushing in his ears as though he were drunk, and there was a flashing before his eyes, and his heart beat as if with a hammer of steel. And he was blinded by a great light. He closed his eyes, and it was as though he saw the whole world and all that bound it together. And he saw before him the infinite universe, and the stars like great balls of fire, falling in space just as the apple fell from the tree, and they fell, and fell always towards the giant ball which lighted the whole universe. He realised that that was the sun, towards which the stars were falling just as the apple fell to the earth. And it seemed to him as if a hand was there which thrust

aside the stars as they fell, just as he had thrown aside the apple, so that they never reached the sun, but circled round him in an everlasting dance. For it was the moving stars, the company of the planets, which he saw. And one among them was the earth where he dwelt ; this, too, was circling round the sun ; and he thought how he and the apple tree and all things and all men upon the earth were carried along helplessly, and he recognised how small a thing was man, as dust before infinity. And then, as he gazed again, it came to him that the sun, too, was in motion, and was falling, and falling together with the earth and the planets towards still other suns, and was thrust aside by the self-same hand, and had to circle round these other suns in endless movement. Suns beyond suns he saw, without end. But in the far distance he descried clouds and mist which thickened together to form new suns and new stars. But the old suns and the old stars were extinguished and disintegrated in space only to form mist and cloud, and to thicken together to form new stars, to fall once more and circle and dance through the universe. He found this sight full of wonder and beauty, and though the time was not long to him, yet he thought he was years, thousands of years, gazing at it. Nevertheless, when he opened his eyes again, he saw that the apple which he had struck away was only just reaching the ground, and he knew that only a moment had passed, but that in this

moment he had seen events that took thousands of years. Then he smiled to think how childishly fate was dealing with him, and he arose and went to the town, knowing that there was neither beginning nor end, that nothing dies and nothing is destroyed, but that all things exist from eternity to eternity.

Now one day, as he took the air in his garden, there lay in his path a broken fragment of glass which glittered with every hue because the sun was shining upon it, and its golden light was broken, playing on the edge of the glass. Then again he was like one who was drunken ; he saw a new world and he realised that it was flooded through and through with light, red and yellow and blue, which mingled with all things, and that the house in front of him was white, not because men had washed it with lime, but because light was falling upon it, and in the tiles on the roof he saw red light, and it was not the leaves on the trees that were green, but the light within them that shone green, and they were not just leaves, but leaves and light intermingled. And then he knew that his lips were not, as he had thought, only a part of his body, with which he spoke and sang, but that there was light in them too, and his eyes were both eyes and light, indivisible, two things in one. And there was no dividing-line between the man and the light, or between the leaves and the light ; all things were united and were one, and there was nothing

between. Then he reflected that the table at which he ate was drenched with light, and the tankard from which he quenched his thirst, and that the picture that was hanging on the wall was no more the work of a man, but the work of the light and of the man, and there was no distinction and no difference to be made between the two. Then he understood that all things were the same, and none was separated from the others, but everyone depended upon the rest; and there was neither space nor time, but only change, neither was there life or death, but everything that perished rose anew. So he smiled at the childish fate which showed him a marvel in the broken bit of glass lying at his feet, and he learned its lesson and grew to peace of mind, fearing neither sickness nor death nor anything in the whole world, for he dwelt on the heights above life.

And again there was at another time a man who was a poet, and everything that he saw he turned into a song, and there was no other who sang like him. And one day, as he was walking in a field his foot struck against something hard in the yielding earth, and he thought it was a stone, but he could not see, for the man was tall and the thing his foot had struck lay in a furrow. So he bent down and found that it was a sheep's skull, thrown down by the butcher, and ants and worms had battened upon it, so that it was clean and smooth. In the middle, however, it

was broken. And as the poet took that naked skull in his hand it was as though a lightning flash shot through him; for long his burning eyes stayed bent upon the skull in his hand, and a whole world of living beings rose before his eyes, and there was neither beginning nor end to it. Out of the skull there came forth life: the eagle which circles in the air, and the crow which nests in the tree; and fish were swimming there, and he heard the myriad songs of birds. Bats fluttered about, and slender deer sprang up, and the air resounded with the deep roar of lions, and everything that crept or flew was there within the skull. The poet saw, too, how man arose and struggled to his feet, and then thought himself lord of all created things. Then he smiled at the childish fate which revealed these marvels to him, and remembered the words that the kingdom of heaven was to the children, and that all creative power was granted to them. So he took the skull into his house, for he saw that all life is one, that one being follows another in an unending chain and there is no space between. The one arises from the other and there is no death; nothing comes to be, which is not already there, and nothing passes away but all things persist, they only change and vary their forms. Then he rejoiced that it had been given him to understand how all things were part of one another, and to see the whole in the part and the part in the whole. He marvelled at the grandeur of

Nature, and spread throughout the world the wonders he had seen. From the palm tree he learned that all plants are one family, and that between them and animals and man there is no gulf, for all is one, and it is only in name that they are divided. And so he became lord over death, since he no longer feared death, and he gave the glad tidings to all men and taught them to see the many-coloured radiance of life.

Once upon a time there was also a young mother who was nursing her child at her breast, and the baby drank and drank and seemed never to have enough. Now, because the woman had no arm free, and had to watch the child, she could not get on with anything else, so she let her thoughts wander whither they pleased. It came to her mind how strange it was that milk was formed in her body, and that she was even as the cow, and the sheep and the goat, and she wondered at the pride of men who thought themselves better than the beasts of the field. Whence comes the milk, she thought, that makes my child strong and well ? It comes from me myself, but if I do not eat and drink, then I shall have no more milk ; therefore it must come from what I eat and drink. Now I eat meat and bread and vegetables, and with my food I drink water, so the milk comes from water, it is only water and grass and animal in another form. And at once she grew serious again, and was led to think that it really was true that the grass which so lately

grew in the meadow had been turned into an animal, and she had eaten of this animal and it became part of a human being. Human beings turn to earth, and from the earth came the plants, and the plants go to make cattle, and so it goes on and on. And her head was in a whirl, for she no longer found any dividing line between earth and plants and animals and man, and the whole world now seemed to her like one living being which never died, was never destroyed, and was never born anew. But yet, she thought, this child has both father and mother, and it came to life quite naturally and grew within my body. So she rejoiced over the child and smiled to see how thirstily it drank. Then all at once, I know not why, she thought of death, that she too must die some day and the child would then be quite alone, and this made her sad. But it came to her that after all she would not wholly die, for there was still the child ; it was a part of her, of that she was quite sure. It had grown within her and from her, was flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood, and just as much a part of her as was her finger, or her eyes or her mouth. So there was no talking of death, for she would be still alive even when she lay in the earth. And just as the child at her breast was a part of her, so was she herself a part of her parents ; they too were not dead, even though they had long been buried, and her grandparents too, and so one could go further and further back to Adam and Eve, or even, if

one could believe one's teachers, back to the beginnings of primitive man. If this were so, surely there could be no death. And when she got to this point she noticed that the child no longer drank, but had fallen off to sleep, so she carried him carefully to his bed, and as she laid him down she hummed a song to herself, for she no longer was thinking of death nor yet of life, but was happy and tranquil.

And now I have still two stories to tell you, but no more, for it is Christmas Eve, the shops are open and we must all have plenty to do. Many, many hundred years ago there lived a man named Heraclitus. People had never known him except as an old man, and they could not imagine he had ever been young, for he was thought to be so wise that it was impossible to think of his being a child and playing as a child does. But in that the people were wrong, for this very man who was held to be so wise was a real child in his thoughts, and had the power and the might to transform things just as a child has when it makes living people out of its dolls. And his eyes were the eyes of a wizard, so that all things changed under their gaze. One day he was walking in the public garden, and his spirit was sad, for he was an old man and lived alone, and there was no one to love him and tend him and watch over him. He thought that now he must soon die and then all would be over and nothing left of him but a small heap of ashes.

It was evening and the stars came out and the olive-leaves rustled in the warm breeze. Then he saw sitting near him a pair of lovers embracing, and they were tender and fond the one to the other. But he wanted to get away from them, for he did not like to listen to them, and grew still sadder because he was so lonely. It came to him that all his wisdom was in vain, since it would die with him, and that he had done better to have married a wife and begotten children, in whom his life would have been prolonged. But as he walked away the maiden began to sing, and the song she sang with her full-throated voice was strange to him, although he had from childhood heard many and many a song. It was a love-song, and quite unlike any other. He stood still then and listened, for it gripped his heart. And when it ended, the youth asked of the maiden, "You sang like the nightingale. What was the song, and where have you learned it?" And she laughed and said, "It was from the nightingale that I learned it." And lo, even as she spoke, the nightingale in the grove near by began to pour out its bubbling notes of rapture, and the moon came up and shone upon it all. Then the old man saw that the two lovers were not listening to the bird, but were entwined in each other's arms, lips pressed to lips. And then the sage rejoiced in his heart and laughed quietly to himself and thought, "So this is how it is, then. And it is the same with death. There

is no death, for everything goes on living, the song of the bird or the colour of the sun. From the song of the bird comes human art which ravishes the soul, and human love, and body becomes soul and soul becomes body, and all are one, only for ever turning and changing. And this nightingale-song will not die, but live for ever and echo through a thousand generations. For so it is: the nightingale lures its mate with its sweet tones, and teaches the maiden its song, and the maiden becomes a mother, and the child learns it from the mother, until at last a foolish wise greybeard hears it, and learns from it that everything flows on. Then from the bird comes the human song and human thought and human love and then a child—and all goes flowing on." So the sage went back to his house, and pondered further on the matter, and realised that there was no word uttered which did not resound eternally, and with the movement of a finger the whole universe was moved for ever, and no wind could rustle the leaves without making some change in the centuries to come. Then he saw that the book lying before him—it was "The Fight of Odysseus with the Suitors"—was alive in him, since it had become part of his mind, and from his mind it would flow over to other minds. From men's minds it would pass into their bodies, from bodies into ashes, from ashes into plants, and so again into new bodies; yet it was still the self-same poem of the fight with

the suitors which was a human being, a book, a plant, a mind, a body, and there was no dividing line between soul and body, but all was one. So he laughed quietly to himself again, and thought what a child he was, and how good it was to be so. And he really was a child-like man, and had the eyes of a child, and he died like a child.

And now for the last story of all—but I know not whether it is true, for he who told it me liked to make fools of people and could not be trusted. Once upon a time, upon the third day of the Christmas feast, a man sat late in the evening beside the Christmas tree. I do not know if he were old or young, but he was miserable, because he had wished to stay up later, seeing he did not feel tired, but his wife had gone off to bed. And he took it ill that she would not wait up with him, so he said he would stay awhile and meditate. He had re-lighted all the candles and had watched them burn themselves out, one after the other, till only a solitary candle was left alight. That brought the thought to him that so his own life was burning away to extinction, and those of his wife and his children, and all men. This made him more and more depressed, and it did not occur to him that there were more candles in the drawer, and more still in the shop, and that there was never any lack of candles. Then he closed his eyes, and more thoughts came to him. He saw the sun sink down and there was dark night, but it rose again in the East and

another day came as before. So it seemed to him that the sun never wholly set. And rain poured down from the sky and plunged down from the mountains in torrents, and flowed to the valley, and became a stream and afterwards the sea. From the sea the vapour was drawn up that formed the clouds and turned to rain. So he no longer knew whether rain was rain, or whether it was sea or mountain torrent. And he saw a weary man drinking in long draughts from some spring, and when he had had his fill he felt refreshed and the world was once more beautiful to him, so that he could tell his stories better to the people at home, and with greater art, because he had drunk of the spring. Thus his stories were only transformed water. He saw, too, the flowers blooming in the field, and the leaves come out green on the trees, and he noticed how they faded away and looked quite dead. Then from every side there came insects and worms and tiny creatures, so small they could hardly be seen, and ate up the flowers and the withered leaves. They, too, seemed to die and to become earth. Yet this earth was not earth, but transformed life, and new flowers would spring from it, and whole trees and woods, houses and cottages and great ships and all the struggling life of men. And there was no death without re-birth, neither with the earth nor with the water, neither with beasts, nor with men, so nothing died and nothing was new. What was dead yesterday was alive

to-day, and poverty was wealth and wealth poverty. So the man rejoiced and opened his eyes to see that the last candle had guttered out. Thus he found that he had been asleep and was ashamed that he had been so wilful as to stay up, although he had been sleepy. He cast one more look at the tree all dark, and thought afresh: "In the box there are other candles, so the lights can never be extinguished, neither is there any death." And he got up and went softly to his wife so as not to disturb her. But she, being only in a light sleep, heard his step and called in her sleep, "Have you now finished thinking?" and slumbered again. Then he was still more ashamed, because he had not been thinking but sleeping, and he answered: "Never is one done with thinking."

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